

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 208.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

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REVIEWS

The False Step, and The Sisters. 3 vols.
London, 1831. Bull.

The first of these tales develops, in full, what Mrs. Brunton left unfinished in her fragment of 'Emmeline,'—the miseries that a *divorcée* may feel, and must inflict, even should she swerve no more from the straight gate and narrow way of virtue. The idea is, in many respects, a good one for the purposes of fiction; affording scope for striking exhibitions of character, painfully-interesting situations, and highly-wrought displays of emotion. Yet, in treating all such subjects, it is difficult to avoid exaggeration—a confounding of right and wrong—and a claiming of sympathy for unimaginable horrors and sorrows. Modern literature abounds in these melo-dramatic tragedies, wherein the cap-and-feather air of desperation, and the green and yellow look of melancholy, lay siege to the reader's admiration; whilst revolting incidents minutely described, and excruciating remorse expressed in ten thousand metaphors, debase at once the moral sense and genuine intellectual taste. Every soul subdued hero and heroine has a pocket-book, or a convenient friend at a distance,—and to either or both they commit, under the semblance of fine writing, powerful writing, passionate writing, confessions of faith, practice, and emotion, that alternate between Bedlam and the Hulks. The Ten Commandments seemed, at one time, of no further use than to supply novel-writers with hints for breaking them—not in their own persons, but those of their *dramatis personæ*. Of late we have rather mended, and fictitious displays of super-eminent iniquity have not been so "plentiful and rife;" a substance of sin, with a varnish of sentiment, has not been quite so much the great requirement for a work of imagination; and we venture to hope, that, before very long, the race of fascinating monsters will be extinct. We do not quite agree with a worthy old friend of ours, who declares, that there will never be any more good preaching till the clergy again wear wigs; but we are quite sure that a revolution must take place in novel-writing—the Circé of which, had better throw down her enchanted cup at once. The pure and true genius of pure and true fiction we could almost apostrophize as the Spirit in 'Comus' apostrophizes "Sabrina fair!"

Listen, where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save.

These remarks are not meant to reflect upon 'The False Step,' in which the painful consequences of crime are brought forward with commendable temperance; neither is

there the slightest endeavour to enlist the reader's sympathies on the wrong side, or to palliate the exquisite errors of any exquisite personage. It is an interesting, well-told story, not overdrawn—we have ourselves known two of the cases exemplified in real life—and, without manifesting any great richness of mind, or power of graphic delineation, the volumes are very creditable. The following extract will at once give the reader a notion of the plot and style of treatment:—

"In the meantime, the strangers they had passed in the morning entered the shop; and Matilda found her attention riveted to them. The young lady spoke to the shopman; she thought she had heard the voice before. The invalid asked some questions, and her father started, turned quickly round, changed to an ashy paleness, and sunk into the chair he had quitted. It was all the affair of a moment; but in that moment, a gleam of mutual recognition had been exchanged between Mr. Langham and the man he had injured beyond all repair. The lapse of more than twenty years, added to the ravages of disease, had bent the form of Mr. Cressingham; but his eye was still the same—keen, powerful, and cold; and, as it now rested in bitter and immovable contempt on the face of his aggressor, it seemed to Mr. Langham to beam with every reproach which unqualified hatred could collect, and even threats that the wildest vengeance could utter. Mr. Cressingham, at this moment, felt the full force of his own gaze, and he would not remove it.

"At no period of Mr. Langham's life had he felt his spirits to quail within him. He had often thought of the possibility of such a meeting as the present, and had frequently laid down a plan of conduct for the occasion. But the occasion came, and mind and body were powerless as in infancy. Had anything like freedom of will remained, he, indeed, could scarcely have acted as he did: for he arose, as if instinctively, and extending one hand to Mr. Cressingham's, while he pressed the other on his brow, the word 'forgive' faintly escaped him. It met, however, the ear for which it was intended, and was loudly echoed in a voice of the deepest scorn—'Forgive!—never.' The laugh that followed was the laugh of momentary madness—the delirium of unrestrained rage, and gratified revenge.

"Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Cressingham had, through a long interval of years subsequent to the loss of his wife, encouraged, instead of endeavouring to repress, his natural and unavoidable resentment. His betrayer was, for the first time, fearfully before him; and the feeling that rose before in his soul and flushed his death-like cheek to crimson, was nearly allied to what, in a ruder state of society, would have led to some summary and instant act of retribution. The pause of a moment restored him to the appearance, at least, of self-possession; and, with a firm voice, he said to his weeping daughter, 'Come, Isabella; it is not for us to feel shame!' and, putting some books he had chosen into the hands of the shopman, added, 'For Mr. Cressingham, Montpellier

Terrace.' Dr. Milman, Lindsay Bathurst, and Hammond, gave way to him as he passed; while Matilda, pale as 'ashen cold,' and half-breathless with terror, begged the use of a private apartment a few minutes for her father. Hammond was in a moment by her side; and Mr. Langham, yielding himself to their guidance, suffered himself to be led away. * * * Lindsay Bathurst listened with an interest the speaker little dreamed of: the words he heard were as poisoned arrows, and every moral reflection made by the Doctor, lent them force to kill. The *éclat* of the transaction in its fullest infamy, was transferred by his imagination from the day in which it happened to the time being, and filled him with misery. *He* to think of marrying the daughter of the woman who had so acted! *He* to brave opinion! Better to die!

"The rencontre of the morning finished what the *tête-à-tête* with Dr. Milman had so effectually begun. His resolution was taken; he would leave Cheltenham instantly, and England as soon as he resigned his commission. He did not think of Jeannette as he ought to have done, but he did think of her, and with the bitterness of despair. * * * After brief struggle with himself, his mind was quite made up; his carriage ordered to the door, he threw himself into it; and, after a burst of grief that did him more honour than his departure, exclaimed, 'Thank God! nothing in life like this can ever come again.'

The other tale, 'The Sisters,' rather resembles a sketch of Mrs. Shelley's, or Mrs. Gore's called 'Dorothea,' in an old Keepsake. It turns on the change of sentiment which years and loss of beauty produce in a lover's mind—illustrates the misery which springs from unnatural generosity and departure from simple truthful dealing; but we do not like it so well as 'The False Step': there is more dilating upon feeling for mere feeling's sake—too much unrelieved sorrow and unnecessary sentiment. Many readers will probably like the tale, but it will be the young, who can afford to affect sad fancies. On the whole, the author of these volumes has shown several good qualities as a writer, with a most commendable absence of affectation.

Privy Purse Expenses of Elizabeth of York, Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the Fourth, with a Memoir of Elizabeth of York, and Notes. By Nicholas Harris Nicolas, Esq. London, 1831. Pickering.

The historical importance of the memoir prefixed by Mr. Madden to his late publication, induced us, in our review of it, to reverse the usual order, and instead of cursorily noticing the introduction, and in good earnest reviewing the work itself, we were compelled to pass that over entirely, and to confine our attention to the memoir alone. As, however, the one now before us is so similar in subject and plan, we shall most willingly take the opportunity afforded us, of selecting from each volume a few of those curious

and amusing entries, which not only bring our forefathers vividly before us in new and striking and not unfrequently pleasing points of view, but which have been often found to elucidate and confirm many an important point of English history:—

"The slightest glance over these accounts," says Mr. Nicolas, most justly, "must establish their value in elucidating the manners, dresses, and furniture of our ancestors, and more particularly in relation to the court, and to persons of rank, toward the close of the fifteenth century. For the composition of historical pictures, and for the stage, such a record is of the greatest utility; and even if it were confined to points which, with the superciliousness of ignorance, it may be said are worthy only of the attention of a frivolous antiquary, its value in illustration of history, would still be considerable."

To these excellent remarks, nothing need be added: we would therefore at once proceed with our selection, did we not feel that it would be unjust to Mr. Nicolas to pass over his Memoir of Elizabeth of York, without notice. To say that it does not possess the interest of that 'Memoir of the early days of Mary,' which we lately reviewed, is but saying in other words, that one portion of history is less interesting than another, and that one character fails to awaken that sympathy, which is spontaneously yielded to another. Elizabeth of York (except in her marriage, and in that she was as passive an agent as royal personages usually are on such occasions,) never from her cradle to her early grave, acted any important part, and neither by nature nor education seems to have been fitted to do more than to pass through life respectably and quietly. All that could be done in delineating such a character, Mr. Nicolas has effected, and, in addition, has thrown important light on some of the incidents of Henry the Seventh's reign. The charges, echoed by almost every historian, against the victor of Bosworth, of conjugal unkindness, are well refuted by our author—the charge, too, of Henry's unwillingness to place the crown on the brow of her, who was hailed by that portion of the nation who still cherished the memory of the White Rose as their birthright queen, is also well met; and most satisfactory reasons are given for the two years' delay of her long-wished coronation. The question relating to his treatment of his mother-in-law, is also discussed very fully, and the generally-received opinion, that, immediately upon his marriage with her daughter, he deprived her of her estates, and confined her as a prisoner in the Abbey of Bermondsey, is shown to be wholly without foundation. Mr. Nicolas proves, that on his accession, he, by act of parliament, "restored her to her fame as a woman, and her dignity as a queen"—that he permitted her to be godmother in preference to his own mother, (the Lady Margaret,) to his son and heir Prince Arthur—that he had in serious contemplation her marriage with the King of Scots—and that, so late as the year 1489, she was in attendance on her daughter, when she gave audience to the French Ambassador. This is the last notice of her attendance at court; there is one later, however, relating to her pension, which mentions, that on the 19th of February 1490, Henry assigned her 40*l.* *per annum*; whether in lieu of lands granted her in the first year

of his reign or not, does not appear. From all these facts, so contrary to what has been generally believed, Mr. Nicolas proceeds to argue, that the queen-dowager never fell from her son-in-law's favour; and he remarks, that even her will, dated rather more than two years after, affords no "evidence of her destitution and imprisonment." Of her imprisonment, it certainly affords no evidence; but of her complete destitution, we think it affords irrefragable proof. What can be more pauper-like than such phrases as these?—"And whereas I have no worldly goods, to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children according to my heart and mind, I beseech Almighty God to bless her grace, with all her noble issue; and with as good heart and mind as is to me possible, I give her grace my blessing, and all the foresaid children." What! the queen-dowager of England, the widow of one of the most profuse and magnificent of the Plantagenets, not able to leave her daughter a single caranet, or chain, or ring! not even the furs of her gowns, (for these were often specially bequeathed,) not even a velvet mantle, or a broder'd kirtle! Surely, the editor of '*Testamenta Vetusta*' must feel that this document is indeed unlike any other noble and royal wills. The fact seems to us, that to a certain extent, the common opinion is correct, as to her fall from favour; but that, instead of its being soon after Henry's accession, it was about the period of the plot of Perkin Warbeck.

The mention of this young adventurer's name, leads us to notice a very important fact, which, having escaped every chronicle, has been brought to light by a mere wardrobe account: it is, that Margaret Duchess of Burgundy was actually in England during the months of July or August in 1480. Mr. Nicolas, as an opponent of the opinion, that Perkin Warbeck was really the young Duke of York, rejoices exceedingly in the discovery of this fact, since it certainly nullifies much of Horace Walpole's argument on the subject—this it unquestionably does, but there are many other circumstances to be disproved, and of more importance than this one, ere we could be brought to give up the cause.

As, to many of our readers, points like these may afford but little interest, we will now proceed with our selection: and first, how splendid was the book-binding of our forefathers!—truly, the Annals themselves, gay and glittering as they now shine before us, would look dim beside those tomes in their splendid array of "cremynis figured velvet," and rich gold broderie:—

"To Alice Claver, for making of xvilaces & xvi tasshels for the garnyshing of divers of the King's books, 2*s.* viii*d.* To Piers Banduy, stacioner, for bynding, gilding, and dressing a booke called Titus Livius, xxs.; for bynding, gilding, and dressing a booke of the Holy Trinitie, xvis.; for bynding, &c. a booke called the Bible, xvis.; for bynding, &c. a booke called Frossard, xvis.; for bynding, &c. a booke called Le Gouvernement of Kings & Princes, xvis.; for byndings and dressing of three smallle bookes of Franche, price in grete vis. viii*d.*; for the dressing of two bookes, whereof one is called La Forteresse de Foy, and the other the Booke of Josephus, iiis. iii*d.*; and for bynding, gilding and dressing of a booke called the Bible Historial, xxs." p. 125.

"Delyvered for the covering and garnysshing vj of the bookes of oure sayde Souverain Lorde

the Kings, that is to say, oon of the Holy Trinitie, oon of Titus Livius, oon of the Gouvernal of Kings and Princes, a Bible, a Bible Historiale, and the vj called Frossard; velvet, vj yerdes cremysin figured; corse (a species of braiding) of silk ij yerdes di, and a naille, blue silk, weyng an unc, xvij laces, xvij tassels; botons of blue silk and golde, xvij clasps of coper glitte, with roses upon them; bolions, (probably "bosses,") coper and gilt lxx, naiiles gilt ccc." p. 152.

In these wardrobe accounts alone, did no other document exist, we think we could plainly trace that love of state, magnificent furniture and apparel, which from other sources we know was the characteristic of Edward. In the general list of "stiffe remayninge upon the ende of the last accompte," our fair readers might absolutely luxuriate in the descriptions of "clothe of golde upon white and grene velvette," "clothe of sylvere upon blew satyn grounde," "chaungeable sarcinetis," and velvets striped, figured, embossed, wrought with gold, all in such profusion and in such variety, that the eyes must have ached at beholding them. A very splendid show too, does the list of "Giftes geven as wele unto the right high and mighty Duke of York, as unto other divers Lordes and estates," make; among these gifts, we find that George Grey, son and heir to the Earl of Kent, was to have against his marriage "a gowne of blue velvet lyned with blak' satyn, a gowne of cremysin velvet," and a "demy gowne of blak' velvet lyned with blak' satyn,"—a right royal gift, as will clearly appear, when we find that black velvet was 8*s.* the yard, crimson sometimes 20*s.*, and satin 7*s.* and 8*s.*, and this too at a time when "Wm. Misterton, clerke of y^e same grete wardrobe," had the noble wages of "xiid. by the day," and the "yeomen taylours vid." Edward Stanley, the King's cup-bearer, receives a gift of "tawney satin, blue satin, and sarsinet"—Dame Anne Wingfield, ten yards of black velvet for a gown, and the College at Windsor, his own foundation, have repeated gifts of "white damaske with floures," "red velvet tisshe cloth of gold," and silks and velvets of many other colours, most probably for the covering and adorning of the altar. Altogether, these gifts alone must have amounted to many hundred pounds.

On turning to his daughter's accounts, we think we can evidently perceive indications of that parsimonious spirit, which pervaded all the household arrangement of Henry the Seventh. The following is rather a ludicrous entry of "stiffe boughte" for that Princess, who was eldest daughter of the King of England, and the affianced bride of the King of Scots—it would be an excellent marriage gift from some laundress to her daughter, on commencing her one-room housekeeping:—

"Bought by Henry Roper for the Quene of Scots, and paid for by the Quene, three basons of peauer, weighing 8 lb., a chaffer of brass, weighing 18 lb., two washynge bolles xiv*d.*, a fyre panne xiid., oon grete trussing baskett vid., and oon payre of bellowes, iid."

Many instances of thrift may be found in these accounts of Elizabeth of York. "Item for mending of a crymsin velvet gowne, iv*d.*;" "for mendyng of divers kirtelles and gownes of the Quene's iiij*s.* x*d.*," are entries that frequently occur. We shall resume our notice of this work, and give from it some curious facts illustrative of the prices of things, and their relative value.

Some Remarks on the State of Learning and the Fine Arts in Great Britain, on the Deficiency of Public Institutions, and the Necessity of a better System for the Improvement of Knowledge and Taste. By James Millingen, Esq., R.A.R.S.L., &c. London, 1831. Rodwell.

THE subject of Public Institutions and Public Rewards for Science, has engrossed a great deal of attention lately; and Mr. Babbage, having led the way, is followed by Mr. Millingen, who extends the range of attack, and adds to our upbraiding a neglect of Learning and the Fine Arts. These gentlemen are well entitled to be heard: they are distinguished men in their several ways; and if we differ from them, it is with a sincere feeling of respect for both. We, indeed, can hardly be said to differ from them, for the comprehensiveness of this silly plural pronoun, which custom compels us to use, joined to the great principle of allowing to every writer, so far as possible, the freedom of expressing his own thoughts and feelings, has put us a dozen times in irreconcileable opposition with ourselves on this very subject.

We are willing to do as much for the general education of the people as any friend to patronage could require: we desire, earnestly desire, that schools and libraries should be everywhere established—that every facility should be given for the development of mind—but cannot consent to have it trained and directed like an espalier—or forced like a hot-house plant—or humoured and cherished like a poor starving exotic:—mind is an indigenous plant, that must brave all weathers, and will do, and has always done so. Mr. Babbage's work was some time since considered—let us now direct attention to Mr. Millingen's; and, first, of the neglect of learning. Why, what are all our Scholarships and Fellowships, and the other endowments of our Universities, but rewards?—and what has been the result?—that thousands on thousands are annually poured forth upon the world to merge into the common herd, and be no more heard of. We want schools—that is a preliminary step which we would consent to make some state sacrifices to obtain. We agree with Mr. Millingen, that we want libraries; but that is a consequence; and there can be no real want of libraries, or they would be established—it needs no state purse to found them;—but Mr. Millingen would say, such libraries would be filled with novels, plays, superficial biographies, and such trash: we doubt it; but, if so, it is no use establishing other libraries, for their contents would not be read. Mr. Millingen is of opinion there is abundant encouragement for this small literature:—

“But can the same be said with respect to works of erudition and profound research? Did Gibbon or Mitford receive anything like a compensation for their time, trouble, and expense? Were they rewarded with any of those distinctions which, in some cases, supersede pecuniary indemnities? What did Johnson receive for his Dictionary, a gigantic and almost incredible undertaking?” p. 14.

This may be very true; but the questions are answered by the simple fact, that as Gibbon, and Mitford, and Johnson did write, there was, somehow, or somewhere, stimulant enough.

In proof of the encouragement that a go-

vernment ought to bestow on the Fine Arts, Mr. Millingen observes—

“The Royal Academy was created only in 1769, and removed to its present situation at Somerset House in 1780. It is particularly noticed here, because the advantages derived from it, during the comparatively short time elapsed since its foundation, sufficiently prove what has been said respecting the utility of similar institutions. Previously, we had no national school of Painting and Sculpture, but since that period these arts have made considerable progress in England, though not so much as might have been expected, if a more liberal system had been pursued.” p. 48.

Now, what is the fact? Why Reynolds, West, Barry, Wilson, Hogarth, and Gainsborough, were all well known and distinguished before the Academy was established;—what proof, then, Mr. Millingen has of the “advantages derived from the establishment,” we must leave him to explain: we will weigh their names against all the Academicians from the first hour to the present moment.

But Mr. Millingen, in our opinion, not only jumps to his conclusion here, but elsewhere. He observes, that

“The foundation of the Academy of Fine Arts at Paris, as early as the year 1642, with a liberal endowment by the government, was attended with the most beneficial consequences. France is indebted to it for a national school of Painting and Sculpture, rendered illustrious by the names of Poussin, Lebrun, Le Sueur, &c.” p. 60.

Now, Vouet is generally considered the founder of the French school of painting; and two out of the three painters named by Mr. Millingen were his pupils. Vouet died before the establishment of the Academy—Poussin was fifty years old on its establishment—Le Sueur died within ten years—and Lebrun, after leaving the studio of Vouet, went to Rome; and, in all probability, never set a foot in the Academy until he was made court painter; and there is reason to believe he was five-and-forty or fifty before he ever received a commission from the court.

This is but a hasty judgment on a work that deserves to be attentively considered: there are many opinions in the pamphlet that ought to be well weighed; and we recommend it to all who are interested in the subject.

The Song of Albion, a Poem commemorative of the Crisis; Lines on the Fall of Warsaw, and other Poems. By Henry Sewell Stokes. London, 1831. Cochrane & Co.

We dislike political poems. It is sinful to lead a meek, young, unthinking muse into the paths of vice and pollution—intoxicate her with the wine-cup of whig or tory wrath, and possess her so with passion that she rolls her eyes, waves her hands, stamps with her foot, and with lips, which should utter only sweet and holy sounds, curses all who are opposed to her faction, sparing neither dead nor living. We dislike political poems for their utter want of historical truth: it is the pleasure of party poets to paint one side in the hues of heaven, and dip the other in the darkness of hell; but it is the pleasure of the Creator to work otherwise: there are worthy and conscientious spirits in both of the great factions whose strife at present disturbs this country; and a poet who is not resolved to shut his eyes may see them. The ‘Song of

Albion’ is no exception to these remarks; and it is an aggravation of the fault to find, in the course of perusal, that the poet has painted various just and beautiful pictures, expressed many worthy sentiments, and treated us in the midst of political tirades to innumerable snatches and gleams of fine verse. Had the work been wholly worthless or utterly dull, we would have passed it by; but this man has poetry in him—he has a heart to feel, and a spirit to express, what we cannot but love. We hope he has now fairly evoked the demon of politics out of his head, and that he will sit soberly down and pour out his fancy upon gentler themes than the Reform Bill or the storming of Warsaw. He will do well, too, to permit the stream of his verse to flow more according to nature—it is perturbed and frothy, and utters a sound too loud and noisy to be acceptable to those who love silent strength, and believe, with the proverb, that smooth water runs deep. Our readers may desire to see a specimen of those parts which we like best. There is enough of the old spirit alive in England to relish the following picture of its outlaw hero Robin Hood: we could find a more poetic, but scarcely a more pleasing passage:—

To Sherwood now let fancy roam—
Haste to the shady greenwood tree,
Where Liberty hath bird-like home,
Where Saxon still is gay and free.
Brave Robin Hood! right honest heart
And patriot, robber as thou art—
Yea, Patriot-robbor be thy name,
Spite the false chronicles of Fame!
The tyrant's curse, his minion's dread,
Joy of the poor, the widow's praise,—
O! were it mine in those dark days
To choose my lot, I'd make my bed
With thee among the forest flowers—
With thee arise at midnight hours,
And thread the maze, and climb the hill—
With thee I'd chase the royal deer,
Or ease fat bishop 'gainst his will—
With thee the hapless peasant cheer—
Outlaw, assert the cause of right,
And with thee battle upstart might:—
Yes, glad would I proud tower forsake,
With Robin Hood my woodland home to make.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that copies of this work have been presented to His Majesty, to Earl Grey, and to the Lord Chancellor, and a fac-simile of such presentation copies has been shown to us. It certainly exceeds in splendour anything we have looked on in the way of typography and binding; the whole of the poems are printed in letters of gold on satin paper, finer than any vellum, and bound in crimson and gold. We are really so unused to such splendid works, that our poor language halts under the description, and we must refer the curious to Messrs. Howlett & Brimmer, in Frith Street, who, we have no doubt, will be happy to show the volume.

Friendship's Offering, for 1832. Smith, Elder & Co.

BEES and wasps never swarmed more abundantly amid a bed of new-opened roses, than gentle ladies and ungente critics swarm and crawl amid the gay and pictured leaves of the Annuals. With what white fingers and sparkling eyes do the softer customers of Smith & Elder touch and survey the handsome handy-work of Pringle; for even as the bees, they are in quest of honey, and find it everywhere; but with what jealous leer malign do those creatures called critics,

Aboared by men and dreadful even to gods,
crawl over the beauteous leaves, finding, like
wasps, nothing but poison, where insects of

better nature find honey and odour. We are of a milder mood: why should we cry out, like false spies, the water is naught and the ground barren, when the whole land flows with milk and honey? The editor has achieved what he sought, "simplicity of style with elevation of sentiment," and that is as much as the most ambitious can gain. It is true, that here and there we find snatches of dull things, and even whole pages which are not to our taste—the poetry is sometimes a little weak, the prose occasionally wants pith and marrow; and some of the embellishments have a touch more than enough of mannerism and affectation. But what are all these to the manifold beauties of this handsome book? Mr. Pringle is a poet of no mean powers, and a man of considerable taste, and has accordingly striven to make the pen rival the pencil, and there can be no doubt that he has fairly succeeded. Nor has he been unmindful of the external graces; he dreaded the application of the pastoral proverb, "the fairer the fleece the coarser the flesh," and bestowed an outward form and pressure, which surpasses all we have yet seen for beauty.

The poetic editor has, as was to be expected, paid no common attention to the poetry; not that he has neglected the prose, much of which is good. A critic, in our hearing, said the prose was blameless, and the poetry poor; but then, he was a critic of the picturesque-language school, and not to be trusted where sentiment and simplicity take the place of splendid words. The muse whom he worships is dressed in paste gems, artificial diamonds, and imitation-silk; like a double-blossomed cherry-tree, there are loads of bloom, but no fruit; the froth and flow of language he mistakes for inspiration; he admires whatever is smooth and sparkling, and thinks the bloom produced by forcing fires, with its hectic flush, better and balmier than that brought forth under the blue sky, amid the sunlight and dew. We shall proceed to justify our judgment, by selecting and stringing together a few of Pringle's poetic pearls; the first which we find, is the offspring of his own muse—'A Dream of Fairy Land in six Fifties,' he imagines himself slumbering by the Eildon-tree, and sees a vision such as appeared to the Rhymer; but we have no proof in the poem before us, that Thomas Pringle went the length in his enjoyments of the elder minstrel True Thomas. The opening is very beautiful:—

'Twas in the leafy month of June,
Ere yet the lark had hushed his tune;
When fair athwart the summer sky
Bright fleecy clouds sail softly by,
And sweeping shadows lightly pass,
Like spirits dancing o'er the grass;
And new-fledged birds are in the bowers,
And bees are humming round the flowers,
And through the meads is heard the stir
Of the blithe chirring grasshopper:
'Twas sweet Midsummer Eve: I lay
Alone by Eildon's haunted brae,
Soothed by the sound of woods and streams!
While, fitful as the shifting gleams
Of sunshine o'er the forest glade,
Poetic fancies round me played;
And young love's tender reveries
Came fluttering, like the fragrant breeze,
Or wild-dove's wing among the trees.
Thus slumber found me: and I fell
Into a trance, as if some spell
Had rapt my willing soul away
From its east slough of earthly clay:
Was waking mortal ne'er so blest—
Thea, gentle Asla, 'list, O list!'

There is both a natural loveliness and a moral beauty in the following:—

She ceased: And now pale Dian's crest,
Slowly wan in the west.
Sinks behind the shadowy hill;
And the nightingale is still
On his fragrant orange bough:
It is solemn midnight now;
And the silent landscape lies
Hushed beneath the starry skies,
Like a meek and gentle child
Listening to his mother mild.
While her earnest eyes above
O'er his bough with looks of love,
As she prayeth, God to keep
Watch around his midnight sleep.—
Like some heart-hushed little one,
Hushes my listening soul upon
The words that flow from lips divine
Of that Maid of heavenly line;
In whose lofty mien I trace
The model of man's godlike race,
Ere his half-angelic nature
Lapsed into the lowlier creature,
Ere the golden link was riven
That upheld the heart to heaven,
And the ethereal light grew dim
Of the fallen seraphim—
Fallen to rise no more
Till a second birth restore.

There is much sweetness and gentleness in all the poetry of Barry Cornwall; but nothing that excels these dozen lines:—

For Music.

Come again! Come again!
Sunshine cometh after rain.
As a lamp fed newly burneth,
Pleasure who doth fly returneth,
Scattering every cloud of pain;
As the year which dies in showers,
Riseth in a world of flowers,
Called by many a vernal strain;
Come thou for whom tears were falling,
And a thousand tongues are calling—
Come again! O, come again!
Like the sunshine after rain.

We have lived long enough to see all the flowers of the field and the garden addressed in verse; but save Burns's 'Address to the Daisy,' nothing of that kind has touched us more than 'The Lily,' by James Montgomery: like the poetry of Southey, that of Montgomery has ever the good of man in view:—

Flower of light! forget thy birth,
Daughter of the sordid earth
Lift the beauty of thine eye
To the blue ethereal sky.
While thy graceful buds unfold
Silver petals starred with gold,
Let the bee among thy bells
Ride their ambrosial cells,
And the nimble-pinioned air
Waft thy breath to heaven, like prayer:
Cloud and sun alternate shed
Gloom or glory round thy head;
Morn impel thy leaves with dews,
Evening lend them rosy hues,
Morn with snow-white splendour bless,
Night with glow-worm jewels dress:
Thus fulfil thy summer-day,
Spring, and flourish, and decay;
Live a life of fragrance,—then
Disappear—to rise again,
When thy sisters of the vale
Welcome back the nightingale.

So may she whose name I write,
Be herself a flower of light,
Live a life of innocence,
Die,—to be transported hence
To that Garden in the skies,
Where the Lily never dies.

Not an unmeet companion for the above is the 'Thrush's Nest,' by John Clare. It is at once accurate and simple: there is much quiet pastoral beauty in the poetry of this gifted peasant:—

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, while I drank the sound
With joy: and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toils, from day to day,
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modeled it within with wood and clay.
And by-and-bye, like health-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted-over shells of green and blue.
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

But of all that we have yet quoted, there is nothing more to our liking than the 'Address to Mary Howitt.' The advice is true to the spirit of the poetess: it is free, flowing, elegant, and natural. We reserve it for the gleaning which we shall yet make from all the Annuals.

Mr. T. K. Hervey was, we believe, the first editor of this Annual: he must still live to see with what devout feeling and poetic vigour he has inspired these fine verses:—

Stanzas written in a Cathedral.

How loud, amid these silent aisles,
My quiet footstep falls!—
Where words, like ancient chronicles,
Are scattered o'er the walls:
A thousand phantoms seem to rise
Beneath my lightest tread,
And echoes bring me back replies
From homes that hold the dead!
Death's harvest of a thousand years
Have here been gathered in—
The vintage where the wine was tears,
The labourer was Sin!—
The loftiest passions and the least
Lie sleeping, side by side,
And love hath reared its staff of rest
Beside the grave of pride!
Alike o'er each—alike o'er all
Their lone memorials wave;
The banner on the sculptured wall,
The thistle o'er the grave,
Each, herald-like, proclaims the style
And bearings of its dead,
But hangs one moral, all the while,
Above each slumbering head!

And the breeze, like an ancient bard, comes by,
And touches the solemn chords
Of the harp which death has hung on high,
And fancy weaves the words;
Songs that have one unvaried tone,
Though they sing of many an age,
And tales, to which each graven-stone
Is but the title-page!

The warrior here hath sheathed his sword,
The poet crushed his lyre,
The miser left his counted board,
The chemist quenched his fire;
The maiden never more steals forth
To hear her lover's lute,
And all the trumpets of the earth
In the soldier's ear are mute!

Here the pilgrim of the hoary head
Has flung his crutch aside,
And the young man gained the bridal-bed;
Where death is the young man's bride;
The mother is here whom a weary track
Led sorrowing to the tomb,
And the babe whose path from heaven, back,
Was but its mother's womb!

The moonlight sits, with her sad sweet smile,
O'er the heedless painter's rest;
And the organ rings through the vaulted aisle,
But it stirs not the minstrel's breast!—
The mariner has no wish to roam
From his safe and silent shore,
And the weeping in the mourner's home
Is hushed for evermore!

* * * * *

My heart is as an infant's still,
Though mine eyes are dim with tears;
I have this hour no fear of ill,
No grief for vanished years!—
Once more, for this wild world I set
My solitary bark,
But—like those sleepers—I shall yet
Go up into that ark!

It would be idle to quote more, to justify our estimate of the poetic worth of this volume, else we might transcribe 'The Poet's Dream,' by Bulwer, 'The Tale of the Woods,' by Mary Howitt, 'The Midnight Parade of Napoleon,' and sundry others. With regard to the prose portion, we shall only say that it is not unworthy of the verse. We would advise Mr. Pringle in future, to have all his poetry and prose illustrative of British feelings and British manners. We are no admirers of "your picked man of countries," whose talk, in tale and song, is eternally of "the Pyrenean and the River Po."

Cholera, its Nature, Cause, Treatment, and Prevention clearly and concisely explained.
By Charles Searle, Esq. London, 1831.
Wilson.

A systematic and practical Description of the Spasmodic Cholera. By Alexander Smith, M.D. London, 1831. Smith.

On the Nature, Symptoms, and Treatment of Cholera. By Medicus. London. Hetherington.

Cholera Morbus. By James Rymer. 2nd edit. London, 1831. Effingham Wilson.
Advice to the Public for the Prevention and Cure of the Asiatic Cholera. Translated from the German of Dr. J. R. Lichtenstadt. London, 1831. Souter.

Observations sur la Nature et le Traitement du Cholera Morbus d'Europe et d'Asie. Par J. T. Millengen, D.M. Paris, 1831. Baillière.

Recherches historiques et critiques sur la Nature, les Causes, et le Traitement du Cholera Morbus. Par F. E. Foderé, D.M. Paris, 1831. Levraut.

Mémoire sur un nouveau Traitement du Cholera Morbus. Par H. F. Ranque. Paris, 1831. Baillière.

Instructions sur les Moyens propres à se préserver du Cholera Morbus. Par Constant Saucerotte. Paris, 1831. Baillière.

Observations on Cholera as it appeared at Port Glasgow during the Months of July and August, 1831. By John Marshall, M.D. London, 1831. Whittaker.

The alarming interest excited by the appearance of the Spasmodic or Indian Cholera in Europe, led to the publication of a great number of works, especially pamphlets; and as the shadowy and incomprehensible disease approaches nearer to our own home, the alarm increases, and the press of Germany, France, and England, labours with increased activity. The great majority of works on the subject must be considered as merely temporary; but, unfortunately, science itself has added very little to our knowledge, and, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, medical men know no more of the cause, the nature, or the treatment, of this strange disease, than was known on the publication of those valuable reports of the medical councils of Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, five years ago. As was naturally to be expected, when public feeling was so greatly excited, many works on the subject have been expressly written for what are called the unprofessional public—to whom they are utterly useless, if not dangerous; for when the most informed members of the profession know little, after diligent and laborious research—when little can be gleaned even from the labours of Orton, Annesley, and other eminent men, it is absurd to suppose that half an hour's reading of half a dozen gossiping pages, will unravel a mystery that has perplexed the soundest thinkers and most scientific inquirers in Europe. Let the friends of the people put into the most condensed form the best possible means of avoiding the disease—let them direct and counsel the best preventive regimen—let these directions be distributed every where upon the southern and eastern coast; but leave the medical treatment to medical men.

We should further advise, that the distribution of such directions should be confined to the coast. It would be idle, and worse

than idle, to create any unnecessary alarm—and should the disease really make its appearance and begin to spread, such directions could, by means of the public press, be circulated all over the country within a few hours. We trust this dreadful plague will not visit England. It is true we have been in daily communication with Hamburg, and are within a few hours' sail—but government have adopted very severe quarantine regulations; and it must be remembered that, though separated from Hamburg by a few hours' sail only, there is a vast waste of waters between us. Personally, we have little fear—we do not, however, disregard the opinions of others, who differ from us—and we have confidence that the disease, even if it were to appear in England, could never rage here as it has done among eastern nations, for reasons we have before given.

The numerous works on this subject which appear as a heading to this article, may be dismissed in a few words. Mr. Searle's pamphlet may be considered as an extract from his treatise published last year; which we thought a clever work, in defiance of some fanciful theories which the author advanced and tried hard to prove, but which the Cholera has disproved, as it has done almost all the theories which have been advanced on the subject.—Dr. Smith's work is, as it professes to be, a practical and condensed description of the disease—and that published under the name of Medicus is of the same character.—Mr. Rymer's is a description of the Common, and has nothing to do with the Spasmodic Cholera.—The *Advice to the Public* by Lichtenstadt, belongs to that class of writings which are addressed to persons who, in our opinion, cannot understand the subject.

Of the French works, that by Dr. Millengen, an English physician established in France, contains an excellent description of the Indian cholera, principally extracted from the invaluable Madras report. The works of Foderé and Ranque are extremely interesting, though, as the French physicians have generally done, they take knowledge acquired in the treatment of the Bilious or common Cholera, as a guide to the treatment of the Spasmodic, without sufficient consideration of their different characters. Dr. Saucerotte's pamphlet is written for the public, and has the merit of presenting in a condensed form an account of the best means of avoiding the disease, by rules to avoid all predisposing causes.

The last pamphlet, by Dr. John Marshall, of Port Glasgow, may be considered as a defence of his conduct, in having called the attention of the Board of Health to the cases of Cholera which appeared in that place during July and August.

The North American Review, No. LXXXIII.
October, 1831. Gray & Bowen.

This is to us a particularly interesting number, from being so exclusively American. We have an article on American Poets—another on the Life of Henry Clay—others on the Mount Auburn Cemetery—Indian Biography—the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution—Exhibition of Pictures at the Athenæum Gallery—on the American Library of Useful Knowledge—and on the Anglo-Saxon Language and Literature, and

Stewart's *Voyages to the South Seas*. In the article on the American Poets, we have specimens from Dana, Bryant, Percival, Halleck, Willis, Wilcox, Peabody, Frisbie, and Longfellow—names probably little known in England, and therefore this mention of them, and these specimens of their poetry, will be the more welcome; they enable us to inform our readers that the Hymn at the consecration of Pulaski's banner, published in the *Athenæum* (No. 205), was written by Mr. Longfellow.

'Indian Biography' is another very interesting article, and in which justice is done to the patriotism and virtue of the red men. The great war between the settlers and the Indians, in 1676, is well known: whole tribes were nearly exterminated—others fled altogether to remote places—many were made prisoners and sold as slaves out of the country, and thousands were killed, but not without loss on the side of the English; thirteen towns were entirely destroyed, six hundred dwelling-houses burnt, and numberless lives lost. The history of that war, and the character of King Philip are sketched with great skill:—

An Indian Chief.

"Philip is said to have wept at the tidings of the first outrage of the war. He relented, perhaps, savage as he was, at the idea of disturbing the long amity which his father had preserved; but he may well have regretted, that being once forced upon the measure, he should enter the battle-field unprepared for what he well knew must be the last, as it was the first, great contest between the red men and the whites. But the die was cast, and though Philip never smiled after that memorable hour just alluded to, his whole soul was bent upon the business before him. Day nor night, scarcely was there rest for his limbs or sleep for his eyes. His resources must have been feeble enough, had his plans, now embarrassed, succeeded to his utmost wish; but he girded himself, as it was, with a proud heart, for the mortal struggle. * * *

"His situation during the last few months of the war, was so deplorable, and yet his exertions so well sustained, that we can only look upon him with pity and admiration. His successes for some time past had been tremendous; but the tide began to ebb. The whole power of the colonies was in the field, aided by guides and scouting-parties of his own race. * * * The mere physical sufferings of Philip, meanwhile, are almost incredible. It is by his hair-breadth escapes, indeed, that he is chiefly visible during the war. Occasionally, the English come close upon him; he starts up, like the roused lion, plunges into the river or leaps the precipice; and nothing more is seen of him for months. Only a few weeks after the war commenced, he was surrounded in the great Pocasset swamp, and obliged to escape from his vigilant enemies by rafting himself, with his best men, over the great Taunton river, while their women and children were left to be captured. On his return to the same neighbourhood, the next season, a captive guided the English to his encampment. Philip fled in such haste as to leave his kettle upon the fire; twenty of his comrades were overtaken and killed; and he himself escaped to the swamp, precisely as he had formerly escaped from it. Here his uncle was shot soon afterwards at his side. Upon the next day, Church, discovering an Indian seated on a fallen tree, made to answer the purpose of a bridge over the river, raised his musket and deliberately aimed at him. 'It is one of our own party,' whispered a savage, who crept behind him. Church lowered his gun, and the stranger turned

ed his head. It was Philip himself, musing perhaps, upon the fate which awaited him. Church fired, but his royal enemy had already fled down the bank. He escaped from a close and bloody skirmish a few hours afterwards.

"He was now a desolate and desperate man, the last prince of an ancient race, without subjects, without territory, accused by his allies, betrayed by his comrades, hunted like a spent deer by blood-hounds; in daily hazard of famine, and with no shelter day or night for his head. All his chief counsellors and best friends had been killed. His brother was slain in the Pocasset swamp; his uncle was shot down at his own side; and his wife and only son were captured when he himself so narrowly escaped from the fire of Church. * * *

"In his last and worst days, he would not think of peace; and he killed with his own hand, upon the spot, the only Indian who ever dared to propose it. It was the brother of this man by whom he was himself soon after slain.

"These are clear proofs, then, that Philip possessed a courage as noble as his intellect. Nor is there any doubt that history would have furnished a long list of his personal exploits, but that his situation compelled him to disguise as well as conceal himself. If anything but his face had been known, there was nothing to prevent Church from shooting him, as we have seen. And universally influential as he was,—the master-spirit everywhere guiding, encouraging, soothing and rewarding,—it is a fact worthy of mention, that from the time of his first flight from Pocasset until a few weeks before his death, no Englishman could say that he had either seen his countenance or heard his voice. * * * The price put upon his head, the fearful power which pursued him, the circumstance that some of his own acquaintances were against him, and especially the vital importance of his life to his cause, all made it indispensables for him to adopt every stratagem of the wary and cunning warfare of his race. * * *

"Philip was far from being a mere barbarian in his manners and feelings. There is not an instance to be met with, of his having maltreated a captive in any way, even while the English were selling his own people as slaves abroad, or torturing and hanging them at home. * * * What is more striking, we find that when one James Brown, of Swanzey, brought him a letter from Plymouth, just before hostilities commenced, and the young warriors were upon the point of killing him, Philip interfered and prevented it, saying, that 'his father had charged him to show kindness to Mr. Brown.' Accordingly, we find it recorded in Hubbard, that a little before his death, the old sachem had visited Mr. Brown, who lived not far from Montauk, and earnestly desired that the love and amity he had received, might be continued to the children. It was probably this circumstance which induced Brown himself to engage in his present hazardous enterprise, after an interval, probably, of some twenty years. Nor should we pass over the kindness of Philip to the Leonard family, who resided near Fowling Pond, in what is now Raynham. Philip, who wintered at Montauk,—for the convenience of fishing, perhaps,—was accustomed to spend the summer at a hunting-house, by this pond. There he became intimate with the Leonards, traded with them, and had his arms repaired by them frequently. On the breaking out of the war, he gave strict orders that these men should never be hurt, as they never were. And, indeed, it is a singular fact, that the whole town of Taunton,—as it then was,—remained entirely unmolested throughout the war, and amid all the ravages and massacres which daily took place upon its very borders. How much of provocation and humiliation he was himself enduring all this time, we have

already seen. All his relations were killed or captured, and a price set upon his own life.

"It is a matter of melancholy interest to know, that the sachem, wretched and hopeless as he had become in his last days, was still surrounded by a band of his faithful and affectionate followers. At the very moment of his fatal surprise by the English, it is said to have been telling them of his gloomy dreams, and advising them to desert him and provide for their own safety. A few minutes after this, he was shot in attempting to escape from the swamp. An Englishman, —one Cook,—aimed at him, but his gun missed fire; the Indian who was stationed to watch at the same place, discharged his musket, and shot him through the heart. The news of this success was of course received with great satisfaction; Church says, that 'the whole army gave three loud huzzas.' It is to be regretted that the honest captain suffered his prejudices to carry him so far, that he denied the rites of burial to his great enemy. He had him quartered, on the contrary, and his head carried to Plymouth. * * * Last and worst of all, his only son, a boy of nine years of age, whom we have already mentioned as among the English captives, was sold as a slave and shipped to Bermuda. * * *

"Such was the impression which had been universally forced upon the Colonists by the terrible spirit of Philip; and never was a civilized or uncivilized enemy more generally or more justly feared. How much greater his success might have been, had circumstances favoured, instead of opposing him, it is fortunately impossible for us to estimate. It is confessed, however, that had even the Narragansetts joined him during the first summer of the war,—as nothing but the abrupt commencement of it prevented them from doing,—the whole country, from the Piscataqua to the Sound, must have been over-swept and desolated. But as it was, Philip did and endured enough to immortalize him as a warrior, a statesman, and we may add, as a high-minded and noble patriot. Whatever might be the prejudice against him in the days of terror produced by his prowess, there are both the magnanimity and the calmness in these times, to do him the justice he deserves. He fought and fell,—miserably, indeed, but gloriously,—the avenger of his own household, the worshipper of his own gods, the guardian of his own honour, a martyr for the soil which was his birth-place, and the proud liberty which was his birth-right." 440—49.

Stewart's 'Voyage to the South Seas' is another pleasant article. Mr. Stewart formerly published the journal of a 'Residence in the Sandwich Islands,' which was well received in England. The present work is an account of subsequent visit.

Nothing would delight us so much as to peep into the 'Exhibition at the Athenæum,' but critical judgment on the pictures is not quite so entertaining; however, we rejoice to hear of rising talent, and hope it will be made manifest in the American Annuals, and that we shall not have returned upon us second-hand copies from our own pictures. Let them send us 'The Spanish Girl in Reverie,' by Allston, or 'The Freshet,' by Fisher, or 'The Storm,' by Birch, and we will then report on the subject.

The article on the Library of Useful Knowledge is written in a more subdued and suspicious tone than we should have anticipated; there is too much questioning about the good resulting from free governments—too many childish alarms about the licentiousness of the press; there is a want of heart and hope in the redeeming virtue of knowledge. We agree that liberty can only rest on virtue,

and virtue on knowledge; extend therefore, we say, to the utmost, the foundation on which the happiness of society is to be based —leave the press free, and truth will ultimately prevail.

There is a pleasant anecdote in a discourse, by Judge Story, read at the Mechanics' Institute, wherein he relates a conversation with Robert Fulton, which cannot fail to interest our readers:—

The first Steam-boat.

"I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labours and discouragements. When, said he, I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet,

*Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.*

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favour to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so,—it is a foolish scheme,—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we des-

eried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value.

" Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor." p. 520-21.

Another extract from an essay, by Mr. Everett, is a melancholy termination to the above:—

" The stupendous consequences of the invention of Fulton have been, every day, more and more amply developed. It has brought into convenient neighbourhood with each other some of the remotest settlements on the waters of the United States. It has made the Mississippi navigable up stream as well as down,—which it hardly was before,—incredibly accelerating, in time of peace, the settlement of its mighty valley, and making it henceforth invulnerable in time of war. It has added beyond all estimate to the value of the time, and to the amount of the capital, of a large portion of the population of the country; and without impairing the importance of these benefits to America, has as signally imparted them, or similar benefits, to Europe and the rest of the civilized world. While these grand developements of the character of Fulton's invention have been taking place, the life, the estate, the family of the great inventor, have, one after another, been sacrificed and crushed. * * * Fulton actually died of disease contracted by exposure in the gratuitous service of the public. In a few years, a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States scattered the remains of his property to the winds; and twice or thrice since that period, has an appeal been made to Congress, on behalf of his orphan children, for such a provision as would spare them from the alternative of charity or starvation,—and has been made in vain." p. 523.

There are other papers of which we would willingly have given a report, but we have already exceeded all reasonable limits. We are anxious, however, to make this work more generally known in England; we desire to see an intercommunication of mind and thought between the two countries; it may be serviceable to both, and we strongly recommend the North American Review to all book-societies and reading-rooms as a very valuable addition to their periodical literature.

Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By J. S. Memes, LL.D. Author of 'The History of Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture,' &c.

[Second Notice.]

THE remainder of these memoirs may be skimmed over more negligently than the former part. An Empress is too far removed from others, to allow of many out-breakings of natural feeling—yet the warm heart of Josephine could not be frozen into indifference. We have a fine trait of her sound good sense, as well as good feeling, in a letter addressed to the Archchancellor:—

" M. L'Archchancelier,—Permit me to make use of the right which my duties give me of aiding the unfortunate, and of the desire I have ever witnessed in you to assist me in that respect. The object of my present application is to obtain an employment in the Emperor's household for M. Cyrille Desforges: he is a man without birth, fortune, or patronage—but he is unfortunate! All these supports, then, he must find in us. As to birth, both you and I know that

it is often good for nothing except to dispense with merit. The Emperor would have been still a sub-lieutenant, if, in order to obtain the epaulettes of a general, the only qualification had been to prove his four quarters. I say nothing of fortune, though the Emperor requires every one who enters his domestic service to have an assured independence; the real merit, acquired knowledge, and talents of M. Desforges, recommend him to your highness, who will quickly supply this mistake of the blind goddess." p. 241.

On another occasion, when she had traversed a long suite of apartments, to speak to one of her attendants, the grand steward remonstrated on this compromise of her dignity, adding, that her Majesty should give her orders through him:—

" The Empress upon this gaily replied,—‘ You are quite right, my good sir, and such neglect of etiquette might be altogether inexplicable in a princess born to throne and trained to the restraints which it imposes; but have the goodness to recollect that I have enjoyed the felicity of living so many years as a private individual, and do not take it amiss if I sometimes venture to speak kindly to my servants without an interpreter.’ " p. 245.

At her coronation, as is well known, she was most profusely covered with emeralds and diamonds—with an amiable simplicity, she observed on the change since her first marriage, when

" She carried the few trinkets presented by Beauharnais, for several days, in the large pocket which ladies were then accustomed to wear, showing them to every acquaintance, and hearing them pronounced the wonder of all eyes!"

The divorce was a melancholy reverse of fortune, which she felt bitterly, but bore with magnanimity. She was prepared for it, but the account of the interview with Bonaparte is deeply affecting:—

" I watched in the changing expression of his countenance that struggle which was in his soul. At length his features settled into stern resolve. I saw that my hour was come. His whole frame trembled, he approached, and I felt a shuddering horror come over me. He took my hand, placed it upon his heart, gazed upon me for a moment, then pronounced these fearful words,—‘ Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee—to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France!’ —‘ Say no more,’ I had still strength sufficient to reply. ‘ I was prepared for this; but the blow is not less mortal.’ More I could not utter. I cannot tell what passed within me. I believe my screams were loud. I thought reason had fled—I became unconscious of everything, and on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber." 332-33.

" The fatal day' at length arrived. On the 15th of December, the imperial council of state was convened, and, for the first time, officially informed of the intended separation. On the morrow, the whole of the imperial family assembled in the grand saloon at the Tuilleries. All were in grand costume. Napoleon's was the only countenance which betrayed emotion, but ill concealed by the drooping plumes of his hat of ceremony. He stood motionless as a statue, his arms crossed upon his breast, without uttering a single word. The members of his family were seated around, showing, in their expression, less of sympathy with so painful a scene, than of satisfaction that one was to be removed who had so long held influence, gently

exerted as it had been, over their brother. In the centre of the apartment was placed an armchair, and before it a small table, with a writing apparatus of gold. All eyes were directed to that spot, when a door opened, and Josephine, pale, but calm, appeared, leaning on the arm of her daughter, whose fast falling tears showed, that she had not attained the resignation of her mother. Both were dressed in the simplest manner. Josephine's dress of white muslin, exhibited not a single ornament. All rose on her entrance. She moved slowly, and with wonted grace, to the seat prepared for her, and, her head supported on her hand, with the elbow resting on the table, listened to the reading of the act of separation. Behind her chair stood Hortense, whose sobs were audible, and a little farther on, towards Napoleon, Eugene, trembling, as if incapable of supporting himself. Josephine heard, in composure, but with tears coursing each other down her cheeks, the words that placed an eternal barrier between her and greatness, and bitterer still, between affection and its object. This painful duty over, the Empress appeared to acquire a degree of resolution from the very effort to resign with dignity the realities of title for ever. Pressing for an instant the handkerchief to her eyes, she rose; and with a voice which, but for a slight tremor, might have been called firm, pronounced the oath of acceptance; then, sitting down, she took the pen from the hand of Count St. Jean-d'Angely, and signed. The mother and daughter now retired as they had entered, followed immediately by Eugene, who appears to have suffered most severely of the three; for he had no sooner gained the space between the folding doors, which opened into the private cabinet, than he fell lifeless on the floor, and was recovered, not without difficulty, by the attentions of the usher of the cabinet, and his own aides-de-camp.

" The sad interests of the day had not yet been exhausted. Josephine had remained unseen, sorrowing in her chamber, till Napoleon's usual hour of retiring to rest. He had just placed himself in bed, silent and melancholy, while his favourite attendant waited only to receive orders, when suddenly the private door opened, and the Empress appeared, her hair in disorder, and her face swollen with weeping. Advancing with a tottering step, she stood, as if irresolute, about a pace from the bed, clasped her hands, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—feeling as if she had no right to be there—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but, forgetting everything in the fullness of her grief, she threw herself on the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept, while he endeavoured to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together, until the Emperor, perceiving Constant in waiting, dismissed him to the antechamber. After an interview of about an hour, Josephine parted for ever with the man whom she had so long and so tenderly loved. On seeing the Empress retire, which she did still in tears, the attendant entered to remove the lights, and found the chamber silent as death, and Napoleon so sunk among the bedclothes as to be invisible. Next morning, he still showed the marks of suffering, as throughout the whole of these afflicting transactions. At eleven, Josephine was to bid adieu to the Tuilleries, never to enter the palace more. The whole household assembled on the stairs, and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who, to use an expression of one present, ' carried with her into exile the hearts of all that had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence.' Josephine appeared, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved

forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which almost immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but, instantly entering a close carriage with six horses, drove rapidly away, without casting one look backwards on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness." p. 337—39.

From that time, her life was passed in retirement—but not unhappily. The Emperor never ceased in attentive respect towards her—she was beloved by all—and her last words might truly be the brief record of her history:

"At least I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow." p. 370.

She died on the 29th of May 1814, at the time the Allies occupied Paris, and marked respect was shown to her remains, even by the enemies of the Emperor.

The Up-bearings of Genius: a Poem. By Thomas L'Estranger, Esq. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

If this poem is to be treated simply as a poem, and Mr. L'Estranger simply as an author, it is impossible to avoid censuring one for utter nonsense, and the other for considerable audacity. To quote the opening address in proof of the latter: "The poem is, indeed, the plunge of one that has long struggled under the monstrous INCUBUS which overlieys and crushes the genuine native intellect of this country." In proof of the first assertion, nearly every verse might be quoted, but two, of by no means the worst stanzas, must suffice:—

I'll tell you how my soul hath gone and brought
Me reappings from the lunar crepuscule,
Conceptions faint that brightened to real thought,
In mental semblance of the beautiful
Blue luminousness that brightened o'er the whole
Eastern horizon, as th' Imperial Moon,
Alighting off Earth's threshold, in her full
Globe-grandeur, slowly entered the saloon
Of the creation, throne herself on the night's noon,

Among the company of the worlds. I'll tell
You how my soul, while earth and air felt aching
With silentness, and night lay in the well
Of its profundity, nor one thing waking,
But me and the bright stars, the which were shaking
Their glimpse-lights down the blue dark of the skies,
Would gather her to mighty study, taking
The feeling of the vastity, and rise
Involuntarily, with her pure sacrifice.

But there is in the poem such strange, almost savage breathings of "deep passion and deep pain," that we feel the author wants, not criticism, but a physician and a friend.

Cameos from the Antique; or, the Cabinet of Mythology. For the Use of Children. By Mrs. Lawrence. 1831. Liverpool, Evans & Co.; London, Longman & Co.

Pictures, Scriptural and Historical; or, the Cabinet of History. Same Author and Publishers.

THESE elegant little volumes do unite credit to Mrs. Lawrence's taste and information, and to the late Liverpool Bazaar, as an offering to which, they were prepared. Both volumes are in verse, and have, besides some original effort, occasioned the exercise of much industrious research amongst many authors, and not a few languages. The following sentence from the preface well expresses the views of the writer:

"If it be necessary that a knowledge of Mythology should be acquired by our children, there can be no difference of opinion as to the delicacy and caution with which its legends should be selected, and its descriptions conveyed. If it form the basis of a classical education—if we owe to it the power of appreciating much that is beautiful in painting and sculpture, and ex-

quisite in poetry—surely some effort should be made to separate that information from the alloy which usually debases it, and which makes the common books of reference on this subject so frequently objectionable."

'The Cabinet of History' is also a poetical selection for the use of children, but one which, from its range amongst unacknowledged historical ballads and sacred pieces, will form an agreeable addition to the book-shelves of their seniors.—The following translation from the Spanish is curious; and as it was new to us, may be to some of our readers:—

Song of a Little Spanish Girl (1558),

Written just after the sailing of the Spanish 'Invincible Armada, and showing, amusingly, how general was the expectation of success.

My brother Don John
To England is gone,
To kill the Drake,
And the Queen to take,
And the heretics all to destroy;
And he will give me,
When he comes back,
A little Lutheran boy
With a chain round his neck:
And our lady grandmamma shall have,
To wait upon her, a Lutheran slave.

The Third Greek Delectus, or, New Analecta Majora, with English Notes. By the Rev. F. E. J. Valpy, M.A. London, 1831. Valpy.

IT has rarely been our fortune to meet a volume deserving such high and unmixed praise as this very judicious and useful compilation. The passages selected from the prose writers are such as not only best display the peculiar characteristics of the several writers, but also contain some piece of valuable information, or some striking moral lesson. The poetical extracts are taken chiefly from works which do not enter into the ordinary routine of education, and are well calculated to excite in the student a desire for a further acquaintance with the "great masters of the lyre." One of the Homeric hymns, and some extracts from Bion, Moschus, and Tyrtæus, would have made the volume still more complete; and we trust that they will not be omitted in the next edition. The notes are admirable, and just what notes for junior students should be—brief, plain, pithy, and coming directly to the point. They contain more real information in a few lines than certain other commentaries afford in as many pages; for the single object of the editor is, to convey instruction, not to make an idle parade of extensive reading. *O! si sic omnia!*—then would Valpy's School Classics be the greatest boon to students since the days of the Aldine Press.

The Bravo, a Venetian Story. By the Author of 'The Pilot,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THERE is much that is national in our love for America and Americans: though we have suffered some wrong at their hands, and inflicted injuries in return, neither in our war nor in our love do we regard them as aliens, but, on the contrary, we consider them as brethren whose language and feelings are allied to this isle, and whose ancestors at no distant remove were inhabitants of our shores. Britain founded the wide empire of America in one of her brightest periods; many of her worthiest sons desiring a fuller freedom, and, touched may-be in conscience, pitched their tents in the great western deserts, and the result has been that wonderful republic, second to no nation in real strength, and before all, save Britain perhaps, in the enjoyment of real liberty. We rejoice in her increasing strength and spreading splendour: we rejoice,

+ Sir Francis Drake, the High Admiral.

too, in the paintings of her Leslies and her Newtons; and we open the books of her Channings, her Irvings, and her Coopers, as gladly as we do the works of British hands. Nor do we love her children the less, that they vaunt a little of the surpassing charms of their mother: we are very national ourselves, and love to see it in others. All feelings and impulses nevertheless have their limit, and so must nationality. In what Mr. Cooper manufactures for the American market let him consult the taste of his customers, and be as fiercely national as he pleases; but it is a little too much to bring his prejudices and his caprices to the market of London. We are far from thinking such conduct is pleasing to the Americans themselves; they could not but take it much amiss were an English author to write bitterly against them, and print his satire in Boston or New York: and such author would probably be gouged by a Kentuckian, scalped by a half-blood, or have the merits of a new rifle tried upon him by a backwoodsman. We are thinking now more particularly of Cooper's *Notions*, as he called them, of *a Travelling American*, though in almost all his works the same unwelcome sentiments abound, and induce us to imagine that the author is a compound of the eternal grumble of John Bull, the selfishness of Sandy, and the "slang-whang-slick-away-to-eternal-smash" school of the hot-blooded yankee.

With these very serious drawbacks, Cooper is, nevertheless, an author whom we love: he has a fine conception of character—a true eye for the picturesque—and an art in employing his many-coloured materials at once striking and original. His heart is alive to all emotions, whether of heroism or pathos—of tenderness or of sorrow. In naval pictures he is much too minute for our taste; yet there is a truth and a clearness which get the better of all dislike, and in the result he triumphs. If he is great at sea, he is still greater when he has his foot on his native shores: in the American wilderness he is without a rival. His 'Last of the Mohicans,' by far the most enchanting of his works, is exclusively American: its chief heroes are children of the desert, or white men who have been nursed in their manners: it is a picture strange and wild, and fresh from nature, and cannot but live. We are not at all prepared to speak so warmly of his other works: there are brilliant passages, doubtless; but he has many rivals, and some masters. The moment he sets his foot in Europe his original materials are exhausted, and he is compelled to beat the bush in the old literary preserves, where more searching eyes and surer hands have gone before him. Let his admirers say what they like, Cooper in Europe is but a second-rate genius, and may be matched without much difficulty—but Cooper in America is quite another person: there he shines as in a charmed ring, into which no other foot can pass; and surely the empire of America is large enough to satisfy any man's ambition. In short, he is purely American, and has not the art of a Shakespeare or a Scott to extract originality from the materials which earlier artists overlooked or laid aside.

Having confessed ourselves with respect to the faults and excellencies of Cooper, we come now to the consideration of 'The Bravo, a Venetian Story,' which, if we understand the preface aright, is written upon

a strange and unnatural principle. First find your moral, says Bossu, and then write your epic to match;—Listen, says Cooper, and I will read a lesson to Europe upon human liberty from the history of Venice. Now, we apprehend, that the political lesson should not be the leading principle of a work of this nature: it is not the complex machinery of a state which we wish to see at work, but human feelings and human passions: we would not give the reading of a tragic or comic page, copied faithfully from human nature, for the finest pictures which could be painted of all the governments which have flourished since the fall of man. These matters are for the historian. What can we expect from a romance, which says in its preface—"The author has endeavoured to give his countrymen, in this book, a picture of the social system of one of the *soi-disant* republics of the other hemisphere. There has been no attempt to portray historical character—only too fictitious in their graver dress—but simply to set forth the familiar operation of Venetian policy. For the justification of his likeness, after allowing for defects of execution, he refers to the well-known work of M. Daru." The author talks of nations which have made a false commencement in their government: he has committed a similar error in commencing his book. Had he followed his own maxim, we should have had a sort of political sermon, instead of a very pleasing story. How he has acquitted himself in dancing in shackles, we shall examine in our next number: meanwhile, the reader will peruse with interest the following extracts—one from the beginning, the other from the middle of the narrative;—the first is neat and compact, though laboured—the second is easy, natural, and dramatic.

Piazza San Marco—Evening.

"The sun had disappeared behind the summits of the Tyrolean Alps, and the moon was already risen above the low barrier of the Lido. Hundreds of pedestrians were pouring out of the narrow streets of Venice into the square of St. Mark, like water gushing through some straight aqueduct, into a broad and bubbling basin. Gallant cavalieri and grave cittadini; soldiers of Dalmatia, and seamen of the galley; dames of the city, and females of lighter manners; jewellers of the Rialto, and traders from the Levant; Jew, Turk, and Christian; traveller, adventurer, podestà, valet, avvocato, and gondolier, held their way alike to the common centre of amusement. The hurried air and careless eye; the measured step and jealous glance; the jest and laugh; the song of the cantatrice, and the melody of the flute; the grimace of the buffoon, and the tragic frown of the improvisatore; the pyramid of the grotesque, the compelled and melancholy smile of the harpist, cries of water-sellers, cowl of monks, plumage of warriors, hum of voices, and the universal movement and bustle, added to the more permanent objects of the place, rendered the scene the most remarkable of Christendom.

"On the very confines of that line which separates western from eastern Europe, and in constant communication with the latter, Venice possessed a greater admixture of character and costume, than any other of the numerous ports of that region. A portion of this peculiarity is still to be observed, under the fallen fortunes of the place; but at the period of our tale, the city of the isles, though no longer mistress of the Mediterranean, nor even of the Adriatic, was still rich and powerful. Her influence was felt in

the councils of the civilized world, and her commerce, though waning, was yet sufficient to uphold the vast possessions of those families, whose ancestors had become rich in the day of her prosperity. Men lived among her islands in that state of incipient lethargy, which marks the progress of a downward course, whether the decline be of a moral or of a physical decay.

"At the hour we have named, the vast parallelogram of the piazza was filling fast, the cafés and casinos within the porticos, which surround three of its sides, being already thronged with company. While all beneath the arches was gay and brilliant with the flare of torch and lamp, the noble range of edifices called the Procuratures, the massive pile of the Ducal Palace, the most ancient christian church, the granite columns of the piazzetta, the triumphal masts of the great square, and the giddy tower of the Campanile, were slumbering in the more mellow glow of the moon.

"Facing the wide area of the great square stood the quaint and venerable cathedral of San Marco. A temple of trophies, and one equally proclaiming the prowess and the piety of its founders, this remarkable structure presided over the other fixtures of the place, like a monument of the republic's antiquity and greatness. Its Saracenic architecture, the rows of precious but useless little columns that load its front, the low Asiatic domes which rest upon its walls in the repose of a thousand years, the rude and gaudy mosaics, and above all, the captured horses of Corinth, which start from out the sombre mass in the glory of Grecian art, received from the solemn and appropriate light, a character of melancholy and mystery, that well comported with the thick recollections which crowd the mind as the eye gazes at this rare relic of the past.

"As fit companions to this edifice the other peculiar ornaments of the place stood at hand. The base of the Campanile lay in shadow, but a hundred feet of its grey summit received the full rays of the moon along its eastern face. The masts destined to bear the conquered ensigns of Candia, Constantinople, and the Morea, cut the air by its side, in dark and fairy lines, while at the extremity of the smaller square, and near the margin of the sea, the forms of the winged lion and the patron saint of the city, each on his column of African granite, were distinctly traced against the background of the azure sky.

"It was near the base of the former of these massive blocks of stone, that one stood who seemed to gaze at the animated and striking scene, with the listlessness and indifference of satiety. A multitude, some in masques and others careless of being known, had poured along the quay into the piazzetta, on their way to the principal square, while this individual had scarce turned a glance aside, or changed a limb in weariness. His attitude was that of patient, practised and obedient waiting, on another's pleasure. With folded arms, a body poised on one leg, and a vacant though good-humoured eye, he appeared to attend some beck of authority ere he quitted the spot. A silken jacket, in whose tissue flowers of the gayest colours were interwoven, the falling collar of scarlet, the bright velvet cap with armorial bearings embroidered on its front, proclaimed him to be a gondolier in private service.

"Wearied at length with the antics of a distant group of tumblers, whose pile of human bodies had for a time arrested his look, this individual turned away, and faced the light air from the water. Recognition and pleasure shot into his countenance, and in a moment his arms were interlocked with those of a swarthy mariner, who wore the loose attire and Phrygian cap of men of his calling. The gondolier was the first to speak, the words flowing from him in the soft accents of his native islands." i. 1-7.

"The reader has probably anticipated, that Antonio was now standing in an ante-chamber of the secret and stern tribunal, described in the preceding chapter. In common with all of his class, the fisherman had a vague idea of the existence, and of the attributes of the council before which he was to appear; but his simple apprehension was far from comprehending the extent, or the nature of functions that equally took cognizance of the most important interests of the republic, and of the more trifling concerns of a patrician family. While conjectures on the probable result of the expected interview were passing through his mind, an inner door opened, and an attendant signed for Jacopo to advance. * * *

"Thou art called Antonio, of the Lagunes?" demanded one of the secretaries near the table, when a sign had been secretly made from the crimson member of that fearful tribunal, to proceed.

"A poor fisherman, eccellenza, who owes much to blessed Saint Antonio of the Miraculous Draught."

"And thou hast a son who bears thine own name, and who follows the same pursuit?"

"It is the duty of a Christian to submit to the will of God! My boy has been dead twelve years come the day when the republic's gallies chased the infidel from Corfu to Candia. He was slain, noble Signore, with many others of his calling, in that bloody fight."

"There was a movement of surprise among the clerks, who whispered together, and appeared to examine the papers in their hands with some haste and confusion. Glances were sent back at the judges, who sat motionless, wrapped in the impenetrable mystery of their function. A secret sign, however, soon caused the armed attendants of the place to lead Antonio and his companion from the room.

"Here is some inadvertency!" said a stern voice, from one of the masqued Three, so soon as the fall of the footsteps of those who retired was no longer audible. "It is not seemly that the inquisition of St. Mark should show this ignorance."

"It touches merely the family of an obscure fisherman, illustrious Signore," returned the trembling dependent; "and it may be that his art would wish to deceive us in the opening interrogatories."

"Thou art in error," interrupted another of the Three. "The man is named Antonio Vecchio, and, as he sayeth, his only child died in the hot affair with the Ottoman. He of whom there is question, is a grandson, and is still a boy."

"The noble Signore is right!" returned the clerk.—"In the hurry of affairs we have misconceived a fact, which the wisdom of the council has been quick to rectify. St. Mark is happy in having among his proudest and oldest names, senators who enter thus familiarly into the interests of his meanest children!"

"Let the man be again introduced," resumed the judge, slightly bending his head to the compliment. "These accidents are unavoidable in the press of affairs."

"The necessary order was given, and Antonio, with his companion constantly at his elbow, was brought once more into the presence.

"Thy son died in the service of the republic, Antonio?" demanded the secretary.

"Signore, he did. Holy Maria have pity on his early fate and listen to my prayers! So good a child, and so brave a man can have no great need of masses for his soul, or his death would have been doubly grievous to me, since I am too poor to buy them."

"Thou hast a grandson?"

"I had one, noble senator; I hope he still lives."

"He is not with thee in thy labours on the Lagunes?"

"San Teodoro grant that he were! he is taken, Signore, with many more of tender years, into the galley, whence may our Lady give him a safe deliverance! If your eccellenza has an opportunity to speak with the general of the galley, or with any other who may have authority in such a matter, on my knees I pray you to speak in behalf of the child, who is a good and pious lad, that seldom casts a line into the water, without an ave or a prayer to St. Anthony, and who has never given me uneasiness, until he fell into the gripe of St. Mark."

"Rise—this is not the affair in which I have to question thee. Thou hast this day spoken of thy prayer to our most illustrious prince, the doge?"

"I have prayed his highness to give the boy liberty."

"And this thou hast done openly, and with little deference to the high dignity and sacred character of the chief of the republic?"

"I did it like a father and a man. If but half what they say of the justice and kindness of the state were true, his highness would have heard me as a father and a man."

"A slight movement among the fearful Three, caused the secretary to pause; when he saw, however, that his superiors chose to maintain their silence, he continued—

"This didst thou once in public and among the senators, but when repulsed, in urging a petition both out of place and out of reason, thou soughtest other means to prefer thy request?"

"True, illustrious Signore."

"Thou canst among the gondoliers of the regatta in an unseemly garb, and placed thyself foremost with those who contended for the favour of the senate and its prince?"

"I came in the garb which I wear before the Virgin and St. Antonio, and if I was foremost in the race, it was more owing to the goodness and favour of the man at my side, than any virtue which is still left in these withered sinews and dried bones. San Marco remember him in his need, for the kind wish, and soften the hearts of the great to hear the prayer of a childless parent!"

"There was another slight expression of surprise, or curiosity, among the inquisitors, and once more the secretary suspended his examination.

"Thou hearest, Jacopo," said one of the Three. "What answer dost thou make the fisherman?"

"Signore, he speaketh truth."

"And thou hast dared to trifle with the pleasures of the city, and to set at nought the wishes of the doge!"

"If it be a crime, illustrious senator, to have pitied an old man who mourned for his offspring, and to have given up my own solitary triumph to his love for the boy, I am guilty."

"There was a long and silent pause after this reply. * * *

"And thou owest thy success in the regatta, Antonio, to the favour of thy competitor—he who is now with thee, in the presence of the council?"

"Under San Teodoro and St. Antonio, the city's patron and my own."

"And thy whole desire was to urge again thy rejected petition in behalf of the young sailor?"

"Signore, I had no other. What is the vanity of a triumph among the gondoliers, or the bauble of a mimic oar and chain, to one of my years and condition?"

"Thou forgettest that the oar and chain are gold?"

"Excellent gentlemen, gold cannot heal the wounds which misery has left on a heavy heart. Give me back the child, that my eyes may not be

closed by strangers, and that I may speak good council into his young ears, while there is hope my words may be remembered, and I care not for all the metals of the Rialto! Thou mayest see that I utter no vain vaunt, by this jewel, which I offer to the nobles, with the reverence due to their greatness and wisdom."

"When the fisherman had done speaking, he advanced, with the timid step of a man unaccustomed to move in superior presences, and laid upon the dark cloth of the table a ring that sparkled with, what at least seemed to be, very precious stones. The astonished secretary raised the jewel, and held it in suspense before the eyes of the judges.

"How is this?" exclaimed he of the Three, who had often interfered in the examination; "that seemeth the pledge of our nuptials!"

"It is no other, illustrious senator: with this ring did the doge wed the Adriatic, in the presence of the ambassadors and the people."

"Hadst thou ought to do with this, also, Jacopo?" sternly demanded the judge.

"The Brave turned his eye on the jewel with a look of interest, but his voice maintained its usual depth and steadiness as he answered,

"Signore, no—until now, I knew not the fortune of the fisherman."

A sign to the secretary caused him to resume his questions.

"Thou must account, and clearly account, Antonio," he said, "for the manner in which this sacred ring came into thy possession; hadst thou any one to aid thee in obtaining it?"

"Signore, I had."

"Name him, at once, that we take measures for his security."

"Twill be useless, Signore; he is far above the power of Venice."

"What meanest thou, fellow? None are superior to the right and the force of the republic that dwell within her limits. Answer without evasion, as thou values thy person."

"I should prize that which is of little value, Signore, and be guilty of a great folly, as well as of a great sin, were I to deceive you to save a body old and worthless as mine from stripes. If your excellencies are willing to hear, you will find that I am no less willing to tell the manner in which I got the ring."

"Speak, then, and trifle not."

* * * * *

"There is a tradition, Signori, among us fishermen, that in times past, one of our body brought up from the bay, the ring with which the doge is accustomed to marry the Adriatic."

"Illustrious nobles, I have often dreamed of the luck of my fellow of the old times; and more than once have I drawn the nets with an eager hand in my sleep, thinking to find that very jewel entangled in its meshes, or embowelled by some fish. What I have so often fancied has at last happened. I am an old man, Signori, and there are few pools or banks between Fusina and Giorgio, that my lines or my nets have not fathomed or covered. The spot to which the Bucentoro is wont to steer in these ceremonies is well known to me, and I had a care to cover the bottom round about with all my nets in the hope of drawing up the ring. When his highness cast the jewel, I dropped a buoy to mark the spot—Signori, this is all—my accomplice was St. Anthony."

"For doing this you had a motive?"

"Holy Mother of God! Was it not sufficient to get back my boy from the gripe of the galley?" exclaimed Antonio, with an energy and a simplicity that are often found to be in the same character. "I thought that if the doge and the senate were willing to cause pictures to be painted, and honours to be given to one poor fisherman for the ring, they might be glad to reward another, by releasing a lad who can be

of no great service to the republic, but who is all to his parent."

"Thy petition to his highness, thy strife in the regatta, and thy search for the ring, had the same object?"

"To me, Signore, life has but one."

"There was a slight but suppressed movement among the council."

"When thy request was refused by his highness as ill-timed—"

"Ah! eccellenza, when one has a white head and a failing arm, he cannot stop to look for the proper moment in such a cause!" interrupted the fisherman, with a gleam of that impetuosity which forms the true base of Italian character.

"When thy request was denied, and thou hadst refused the reward of the victor, thou went among thy fellows and fed their ears with complaints of the injustice of St. Mark, and of the senate's tyranny?"

"Signore, no. I went away sad and heartbroken, for I had not thought the doge and nobles would have refused a successful gondolier so light a boon."

"And this thou didst not hesitate to proclaim among the fishermen and idlers of the Lido?"

"Eccellenza, it was not needed—my fellows knew my unhappiness, and tongues were not wanting to tell the worst."

"There was a tumult, with thee at its head, and sedition was uttered, with much vain-boasting of what the fleet of the Lagunes could perform against the fleet of the republic."

"There is little difference, Signore, between the two, except that the men of the one go in gondolas with nets, and the men of the other are in the galley of the state. Why should brothers seek each other's blood?"

"The movement among the judges was more manifest than ever. They whispered together, and a paper containing a few lines written rapidly in pencil, was put into the hands of the examining secretary.

"Thou didst address thy fellows, and spoke openly of thy fancied wrongs; thou didst comment on the laws which require the services of the citizens, when the republic is compelled to send forth a fleet against its enemies."

"It is not easy to be silent, Signore, when the heart is full."

"And there was consultation among thee of coming to the palace in a body, and of asking the discharge of thy grandson from the doge, in the name of the rabble of the Lido."

"Signore, there were some generous enough to make the offer, but others were of advice it would be well to reflect before they took so bold a measure."

"And thou—what was thine own counsel on that point?"

"Excellenza, I am old, and though unused to be thus questioned by illustrious senators, I had seen enough of the manner in which St. Mark governs, to believe a few unarmed fishermen and gondoliers would not be listened to with—"

"Ha! Did the gondoliers become of thy party? I should have believed them jealous, and displeased with the triumph of one who was not of their body."

"A gondolier is a man, and though they had the feelings of human nature on being beaten, they had also the feelings of human nature when they heard that a father was robbed of his son.—Signore," continued Antonio, with great earnestness and a singular simplicity, "there will be great discontent on the canals, if the galley sail with the boy aboard them!"

"Such is thy opinion,—were the gondoliers on the Lido numerous?"

"When the sports ended, excellenza, they came over by hundreds, and I will do the ge-

nerous fellows the justice to say, that they had forgotten their want of luck in the love of justice. Diamine! these gondoliers are not so bad a class as some pretend, but they are men like ourselves, and can feel for a christian as well as another!

"The secretary paused, for his task was done; and a deep silence pervaded the gloomy apartment. After a short pause one of the Three resumed—

"Antonio Vecchio," he said, "thou hast served thyself in these said gallies, to which thou now seemest so averse—and served bravely, as I learn?"

"Signore, I have done my duty by St. Mark. I played my part against the infidel, but it was after my beard was grown, and at an age when I had learnt to know good from evil. There is no duty more cheerfully performed by us all, than to defend the islands and the Lagues against the enemy."

"And all the republic's dominions.—Thou canst make no distinctions between any of the rights of the state."

"There is a wisdom granted to the great, which God hath denied the poor and the weak, Signore. To me it does not seem clear that Venice, a city built on a few islands, hath any more right to carry her rule into Crete or Candia, than the Turk hath to come here."

"How! Dost thou dare on the Lido, to question the claim of the republic to her conquests! or do the irreverent fishermen dare thus to speak lightly of her glory?"

"Eccellenza, I know little of rights that come by violence. God hath given us the Lagues, but I know not that he has given us more. This glory of which you speak may sit lightly on the shoulders of a senator, but it weighs heavily on a fisherman's heart."

"Thou speakest, bold man, of that which thou dost not comprehend."

"It is unfortunate, Signore, that the power to understand hath not been given to those who have so much power to suffer."

"An anxious pause succeeded this reply.

"Thou mayest withdraw, Antonio," said he, who apparently presided in the dread councils of the Three. "Thou will not speak of what has happened, and thou wilt await the inevitable justice of St. Mark, in full confidence of its execution." ii. 27—49.

An Introductory Lecture delivered at King's College, London, October 17, 1831. By J. Anstice, A.B. Professor of Classical Literature, &c. London, Fellowes.

We have heard this lecture very highly commended; and we were regretting that we had not been present at the delivery, when an early-printed copy was sent to us, and we can now testify that it well deserves the warmest praise. It is written in simple and unaffected style, and is full of good sense and sound principles—it shows the advantages to be derived from a study of classical literature—its history, philosophy, and poetry—and if further proof were wanting, we would refer to the Hints for the History of Roman Literature, in our last paper,

Where old experience doth attain
To something like prophetic strain.

A Practical Guide to Operations on the Teeth; to which is prefixed a Historical Sketch of the Rise and Progress of Dental Surgery. By James Snell, dentist. London, 1831. Wilson.

A work by an oculist, an aurist, a dentist, or any other of the fractional surgeons, will usually be found to be an ingenious advertisement, and utterly contemptible. We have, therefore, the greater pleasure in noticing this by Mr. Snell, which is an excellent practical work, and will be found generally useful.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JAJA-EL.

Thou'rt false to me—thou'rt false to me,
And Pride should teach me to forget;
But still my heart beats warm for thee—
I love thee yet, I love thee yet!

I thought to still
Each burning thrill,

I thought to drown each fond regret;

But ah! my soul

Forbids control—

I love thee yet, I love thee yet!

Still 'midst the gay I'm seen, I'm heard—

My mother joys to hear me sing;

Nor dreams that, like the wounded bird,

I bear the shaft beneath the wing!

But in my bower,

At twilight hour,

I mourn o'er hopes for ever set;

And tears might tell,

How much too well

I love thee yet, I love thee yet!

INVOCATION.

SWEET Meditation! sorrow's soother, lend
Thine inspiration to my humble lyre;
If with its strains thou'lt kindly deign to blend,
I can no other aid than thine require.

Oh, far beyond the poet's boasted fire

Is thy soft light! for as it gently plays,

It kindles in the soul thoughts that inspire
The speech of truth, which to the mind conveys
A charm more sweet than that it finds in fiction's
lays.

Yes, Meditation! when thou dost impart
Thy gentle music to the minstrel's strings,
They yield a tone to tranquillize the heart
Of him that listens, and of him that sings.

When o'er the chords her fingers Fancy flings,
Too oft the wildness of the strain encumbers
The breast with vain aspirations; but there

springs

A melody from thy subduing numbers,
That with soft murmur steals on passion till it
slumbers.

YEOG.

LIVING ARTISTS.—No. VIII.

HENRY HOWARD.

THE high poetic and historic are in a fair way of being extinguished in British art; in the domestic and the homely we have enough, and more: but we have few examples now of those splendid aspirations which distinguished the middle of the reign of George the Third. This, no doubt, is equally owing to lack of demand for the article, and want of right specimens of it in the market. Our galleries, too, are nearly full with all manner of paintings, amongst which copies—and those none of the best—abound; and, in short, we have stocked the walls of our palaces, and galleries, and mansions with plenty of party-coloured canvas, elegantly framed, and have little room for more. No doubt, if some commanding spirit in the poetic of painting and sculpture would arise, room would readily be made for his works: but such minds as Milton's, and Shakspeare's, and Spenser's, have not yet made their appearance; and we must bide the time of nature or of accident, and content ourselves with the modest specimens which are at present manufactured.

Among those whom we most esteem for gentle beauty and poetic elegance, we can have no hesitation in placing Henry Howard: nay, we think he is perhaps the very chief of

a class allied to the historic, as much as lyric verse is to the epic; he is, in truth, a poetic painter; for, though he sometimes makes portraits, they are as inferior in handling as they are in subject, to those fine passages which his pencil embodies from our romantic poets. Painters, indeed, might be named, who work with more mechanical dexterity, and with more natural softness of touch; but we are not acquainted with one whose feelings are so imbued with poetry, and who can impress the aspirations of the muse more beautifully on their productions. We are not sure that this clinging of the spirit to the poetic side of art is the way to wealth, or even to the fame of the day: nay, we are certain that money strews not the path, and that immediate fame awaits not on him who nobly ventures to limn the aspects of the inspired muse in preference to those of the parson register.

Be that as it may, Howard will have his reward: he has already gained an honourable place amongst the higher spirits of his art; and, from all that we can divine of the future from the present, he seems in a station which he will keep. Some of his brethren are more heard of in society; others have more bustle and animation in their works: but none have more true elegance and dignity. We are quite aware that the calm and the tranquil Howard is as nothing in the eyes of the multitude to the affected bustle and muscular animation so perceptible in many of the productions of the day: but we feel at the same time that the crowd confound animal vivacity with mental force, and imagining that the most violent postures are the noblest. We have heard even critics cry out against the stillness and repose of some of the noblest paintings: they imagined that a man who thought, should, like Punch in the puppet-show, keep moving: they desired his laughter to be outright, and his sorrow quite decided. All those acquainted with art know, that to paint open mirth or boisterous sorrow is an easy matter compared to indicating either in that calm and dignified way, which is so graceful and so poetic in painting. In this the poet and the painter closely resemble each other: this was what Fuseli felt and wrote, but could not paint: no man ever laid down finer lessons for observing tranquil dignity in all heroic actions, and no man ever observed them so little: he was all motion and activity—full of leaping and contortions, and desired, like Kean in Richard III., to make up by startling gestures and runnings to and fro, what he wanted in settled grandeur of soul.

When Howard, in the fulness of years, takes his place by the dust of Reynolds and Lawrence, whose speaks of his character as an artist, need not be afraid to add his character as a man, for he is one of the mildest and most gentlemanly of all the academical brethren. We have often thought as we listened to his low and musical voice, that the sweet poetic subjects which he loved to single out from Spenser and from Milton, had a share in calming down into gentleness that voice and manner; or that, being a Howard, the antique blood suggested the voice and the bearing of a gentleman. No—we believe it is all quite natural—we know, at least, that it is becoming; and, though out of harmony with some of his less tranquil associates, is, nevertheless, in strict keeping with the spirit in which he works. He is

Secretary of the Royal Academy, and it is his business to attend meetings of the Council and aid the keeper in maintaining tranquillity through the establishment. We have often watched the meetings—which happened frequently—between him and Lawrence: they loved one another, had long been fellow labourers in art, their voices were pitched alike, and their manners much the same. They smiled—shook hands, spoke in tones amounting to little more than a whisper, and then bowed and parted. We know, too, that the late President was an admirer of the works of Howard, and have heard him speak of them in terms of undissembled approbation. Besides the beauties which we have noticed in his works, he is distinguished for his skill in drawing and for the harmony of his colours—indeed, we know of no living artist whose paintings please us more; not only from their poetic qualities, but for fine propriety both of tone and sentiment.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THESE are evil times: the pen and the pencil are nearly idle, save in writing political lampoons and drawing caricatures. The dread of change perplexes monarchs no more, they eat their pudding and hold their tongue; but fear has come upon men of genius: poets and painters eye, in alarm, the thickening clouds, while men, whose muscles are strong, and whose hearts are griping and eager, look on the coming tempest as on a wind, which will shake the ripe fruit and give them much to gather. As we, of this little island, are promised a change which shall restore purity and dignity to our high places, we are anxious, of course, to see the dawn of that bright day; but, on looking on all that is promised, and examining all that has been said, we cannot see that the order of either nature or common sense will be restored, unless the *GENIUS* of the nation is secured to its councils, as well as its wealth. The time was, when the *genius* which the land produced was employed largely in the affairs of the state; and any one who is conversant with the affairs of Queen Anne's reign will know, that almost all the men of that period, who were distinguished for intellect, were in her administration. But with that reign the order of genius went out, and that of wealth and corruption came in: Walpole crawled into power, and, finding talent stiff-necked, sought out suppler people for his money; it was of these latter worthies that this great whig declared every man had his price, and that all worth was to be weighed in a golden balance.

A few of the booksellers announce new books, or rather works long bespoke and written: but, on the whole, the depression in the great market of literature continues. Murray has not even an advertisement: we hear not one word of the *Quarterly Review*, though the period of its appearance has come: and all that is new are the Annuals, and a few thrice-spoken speeches for or against reform. There is not one book announced which promises either *genius* or *learning*: and there is little chance of either, while this thick cloud rests on our land, and till this question, which affects the wealthy, the bustling, and the important, is settled.

Art is little otherwise than literature. The King has been pleased to commission a paint-

ing of the opening of London Bridge, from Stanfield; and Sir John Soane has commissioned a similar picture from Jones: the former is great on water, the latter great on land,—and both are distinguished artists. The bronze horse, of the equestrian group of George III., is now fixed on its pedestal in Windsor Park: the fracture which the work received in its fall, and which the newspapers, in their decisive way, pronounced incurable, is now repaired, and as sound as ever; the rider will be added some of these days. The whole is about twenty-five feet high, and the horse alone is said to weigh twenty tons—an incredible weight, when we consider that bronze casts are all thin. Iron stays, and heavy coring added to the copper, may amount to that. Carew, the sculptor, has accepted the munificent offer of Lord Egremont, and erected a studio nigh Petworth, and commenced the manufacture of figures. He has considerable skill in workmanship, and adheres to the Grecian school in his designs.

Steam Vessels—Thames Wherries.—The danger occasioned by the navigation of steam-vessels through the pool of London, is every day increasing with the number and increased velocity of the steamers. Various regulations have been made to restrain the vessels from proceeding with their full speed above Greenwich Hospital, and certain rates have been prescribed both with and against tide; but it unfortunately happens that little or no practical utility has resulted from such regulations, excepting the occasional punishment of an offender after an accident has occurred, by a small fine in the shape of a deadhead, which, being generally paid from the funds of a large company, can operate but little to render the navigator more careful. But supposing that the persons entrusted with the care of steam-vessels were at all times anxious to proceed with the greatest care, it is still impossible that a limited rate of going can be always adhered to; for, among a crowd of vessels, critical positions may present themselves, in which an increased velocity is absolutely necessary to effect a passage, and sometimes to prevent accident. If under such circumstances a London wherry happen to be near, she may be swamped without any fault on the part of the steamer, unless, indeed, it be a fault to employ steam-vessels at all in such a crowded river.

What remedy, then, remains for so serious an evil? The common London wherry now in use is a long, low, narrow boat, which, when loaded with the passengers it is allowed to carry, is not more than four or five inches above the water in the midships. It was originally well enough adapted for plying between Woolwich and London, where there was never any great swell, and the facility by which it may be rowed by one man, is certainly a strong objection to increasing its dimensions. But something must be done, for steam navigation has essentially altered the face of the river; and as we cannot expect that steam-boats can ever be laid aside, the only effectual remedy seems to be to make the boats higher, and, as the builders say, "fuller," and thus enable them to resist a danger that cannot be entirely averted.

We are far from willing to excuse any want of care on the part of the steam-vessels, or to deprecate the well-intended efforts of those who have hitherto made regulations on the subject; but, as the evil still remains, we hold it a duty to point out that which considerable experience has taught us to believe is the only effectual remedy. The increased height might easily be given to the present wherries by the addition of a "wash-streak," and some regulation might be useful in the construction of new boats.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 18.—A paper, by the author of the 'Domestic Gardener's Manual,' was read, 'On the Propagation of the Balsam by Cuttings,' an operation which had been attended with success, and the design of perpetuating the variety by converting one of its members into a perfect vegetable body, and thus in a degree counteracting the annual nature of the plant, found to take effect satisfactorily.

The exhibition of fruit, flowers, &c., took place as usual. The most attractive subjects were the fruit of the guava and those beautiful plants the scarlet arbutus, salvia grahami, justicia speciosa, and the varieties of fuchsia. We also noticed some unusually good specimens of maize, grown by Lord Vernon, in the Isle of Wight, which bore testimony to the fineness of the past season.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 15.—The first meeting of the members of this Society for the Session 1831-2, took place on Saturday last, at the Society's rooms in Sackville Street, when Dr. Sigmond and Mr. Jewel were elected Co-presidents with Dr. Stewart and Mr. Chinnock, for the ensuing year. The evening was principally occupied in the election of officers. Some interesting observations were made on the nature of the Epidemic, that has, within the last few months, been prevailing in the form of influenza, and on the uncertain effect of carbonate of iron in tick doloreux.

We shall continue occasional reports of the proceedings of this Society, when they promise to be interesting to our literary and scientific readers generally.

FINE ARTS

PLATES OF THE ANNUALS.

THE KEEPSAKE.

It is impossible to turn over the plates of The Keepsake and not feel the loss that art has sustained by the death of Lawrence; we remember 'Mrs. Peel,' and cannot but shake our heads as we look at 'Mrs. Stanhope.' Rochard is a clever effective painter, but there is a loose, rakish, fashionable display in his women that is not at all to our sober English taste; and, in addition to his other faults, the present portrait is miserably out of drawing. There is nothing, indeed, in The Keepsake to compensate us for the loss of Lawrence's pictures, which we were accustomed to see there, and as The Amulet has no less than three—Lady Blessington—Lady Cawdor—and Lady Londonderry, it is this year, judging by our own feelings, worth three of its more costly and more pretension rival. There are, however, some sweet pictures in The Keepsake:—'Do you Remember It?' by Miss SHARP, does her the highest honour, and it is excellently engraved;—'Scandal,' by SMIRKE, is in his richest and very best style;—'Caroline Damerel,' is well painted by WRIGHT, but more beautifully engraved by EDWARDS;—'Marily,' by TURNER, is only inferior to the original picture, so admirably has MILLER caught the spirit of the painter. We think 'Isola Bella,' by STANFIELD, is not one of his most successful works, and the distant mountains are much too heavy—PROUT's 'Zwinger Palace' is bold and powerful—the 'Champion' has a trifle too much of the coxcomb, but the lady is very sweet, playful, and fascinating; it is a most successful illustration of the parting of Hotspur and his wife, and at that moment when she says playfully,

I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true;
and this it was intended for. So too WRIGHT's 'Caroline Damerel' was, we believe, painted to

illustrate a scene in one of the Waverley Novels, and certainly the fine picture, by MARTIN, called here 'The Repentance of Nineveh,' which the *Literary Gazette* says, represents "with all that terrific depth and solemnity of effect of which he is so unrivalled a master, a countless multitude 'crying mightily to God'"—was, when it left the artist's studio, *The Opening the Sibylline Book in the Roman Forum!*" But publishers know better than artists, and they nickname their works at pleasure; we think it is Cromeck who tells a story of one of the worshipful calling on him with an old copper-plate representing Adam in Paradise, to request that he would put a wig and a pair of breeches on the figure, as he was about to publish a Natural History, and intended that it should serve for Buffon—Adam, it appears, would have served in these times without such costly additions.—The rest of the pictures are but indifferent. Howard is very like Corbould, and Corbould like himself—*'Byron's Dream'* would be good if it were but possible to blot out the ten-foot Byron—*'Constance'* and *'Thérèse and the Countess'* are both spoiled by affectation—*'St. Germain's'* is dull and leaden, and the background so smeary and indistinct that it is impossible to distinguish the objects.

Wild's English Cathedrals.—Twelve Select Examples of the Ecclesiastical Architecture of the Middle Ages in England. London, 1831. Jennings & Chaplin.

This splendid work is now complete, and does equal honour to the genius of the artist and the liberal spirit of the publishers. It is unequalled in its way, and will be long without a rival, whether bound as a volume, treasured in a portfolio, or framed for universal admiration. With all our respect for Prout, and some others, we must admit that there never was an artist who touched on Gothic architecture with the same severe truth and fidelity as Mr. Wild. The Front of York Cathedral—the interior of Henry the Seventh's Chapel—King's College Chapel—Ely Cathedral—St. George's Chapel—are truly admirable; and the latter is unequalled for rich, broad, and powerful effect. We hope, the first time that we dine at the deanery, or beat up the quarters of our *Alma-mater* friends, we shall find one or more of these views gracing the walls: they will be pleasant to look on while we crack our walnuts and smack the old port; they will harmonize with the oak wainscot, and teach us to treat our host with more reverence than to call him plain John, or Tom, as, in this familiar age, and with collegiate recollections, we have been accustomed to do, in defiance of all our sincere respect and admiration. This little personality may be excused, seeing that what we have said is of universal application, and true of all deaneries—indeed, of all episcopal, prebendal, and collegiate houses, where these admirable drawing sought certainly to be met with—we cannot even bate the chambers of an undergraduate, if he pretend to be a man of fine taste.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

MUCH stress was laid last season upon the strength of the operatic company at this house, and much distress was caused by its weakness. This season it actually is as strong as it purported to be last. The opera of 'Love in a Village' was performed on Saturday last, for the first appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Wood. We may here suggest, that the explanation ("late Miss Paton,") still introduced in the bills after the lady's name, might be very safely omitted: no person can be ignorant of the fact, who knows the inside of a theatre from the out. Mrs. Wood was in excellent voice, and sang with a mixture of brilliancy and precision which has not been heard on our stage since the days of Mrs. Billington.

Much praise is also due to her acting, which was quite good enough to have given great pleasure to her audience, independently of the beauties of her voice and execution. Mr. Wood sang and acted with great spirit. He appeared to labour under a slight cold; but he disdained to give way to it, and his exertions to conquer it were successful. His best effort was the song, 'We all love a pretty girl under the Rose'; and it was one which, for a combination of sweet singing with admirable acting, we have no recollection of ever having seen surpassed. The *encore* to this was loud and general. We were not in time to hear Miss Field's song, but it was very well spoken of in the house; she has not the advantage of an attractive person, but there is a general intelligence observable in her demeanour which goes far to compensate for the deficiency. It is better for Mr. Templeton that we should give the audience's than our own estimate of his abilities; they seemed very well pleased with him, and one of his songs was honoured with an *encore*. In acting, he has to improve considerably, before he can hope to rival Mr. Sinclair. Mr. and Mrs. Wood were called for after the opera, and the warmest testimonies of public admiration were showered upon them from all quarters. While on the subject of music at this theatre, may we not inquire, in reference to the forthcoming opera, how it happens that 'The Village Coquette' is stated to embrace "the whole musical strength of the company" when Mr. H. Phillips has no part in it? We presume it can hardly be intended to class him under the head of vocal weakness.

On Monday we had one of those treats which are unfortunately incidental to our calling. Under the idea that the zoological exhibition which had been advertised might cause a considerable crowd to assemble, we betook ourselves, immediately after feeding time, (our own, we mean,) to the theatre. Our exertions might have been spared, for the "ladies and gentlemen" who intended to see the "live lions" did not "walk up," in any considerable numbers, till half-price. We were severely punished for our mis-calculation; for we had to yawn, dream, kick, and stretch through 'Jane Shore'—to us the dullest of the dull. At length the Eastern piece—which, to come in anything like its place, ought to have been the Easter piece, but which is, in point of fact, the Beaster piece—commenced. It is a jumble of jingles and nonsense. Anything like criticism would be wasted upon the language: it may be that which the beasts talk, but it is scarcely such as is spoken by men. This show is called 'Hyder Ali.' We cannot attempt a detail of the plot—it is quite beyond us. All we made out was, that *Hyder Ali* carries off a princess, or some such person, and tries to hide her all-he-can—and then some wild-looking gentlemen, called *Pariars*, attack the said *Hyder*, as we know they very coolly-can, and the *Pariars* are beaten, and their leader fights with a lion and beats him, as lion's masters are apt to do. And then he is forgiven, and then they all ride upon elephants—which we take to be the eastern for "all living happy afterwards." The scenery is very splendid, and this is all we can praise. The wild beasts are too tame, and the consequence is a want of excitement in the audience, owing to the absence of even the semblance of danger. We feel bound to condemn, *in toto*, the introduction of this menagerie upon the boards of one of what are miscalled our regular theatres. We are inclined to think that it will be a losing concern as a speculation; and then the managers will have done a serious injury to Mr. Ducrow (who ought to have had the brutes for Astley's), without doing any good to themselves.

We subjoin a copy of a letter from the Royal Lion in the Tower to his relative at Drury

Lane, which will show that we are not singular in our disappointment.

Tower, Oct. 18, 1831.

COUSIN.—A report, which we believe to be true in the *mane*, has reached our royal ears, that you have come over from your native country and disgraced your family by turning play-actor. We altogether condemn this, and prefer our own engagement here, which is forced, to your engagement there, which must be voluntary. We have been further enraged at learning that you have violated one of our first rules, by having an opportunity of eating a man and not doing it. We therefore order, that you never presume to visit us here; and when we die, we shall cut you off with a she-sion.

Your offended Cousin,

LEONATUS.

P.S. Remember us to the *Woods*.

The bills inform us that the piece has been "received with the greatest success," and "pronounced to be the most gorgeous spectacle ever produced." They don't say by whom, but we suppose that it is the Boas, who *pronounce* it *gorge us*.

Auber's opera, which was announced, has been withdrawn from the bills; we have inquired about it, and are informed that it is postponed to make room for an opera of Spohr's. We regret this. We know nothing of the relative merits of the acting parts of the two operas, but we do know much of the styles of the two composers; and we prefer Auber to Spohr as much as we prefer the Liverpool mail to the Exeter waggon.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE chancery suit (not Mr. Peake's clever play) which has so long sat like a night-mare upon this beautiful theatre, has at last been brought to a termination. The final appeal has been heard before the House of Lords, and the decision given in favour of Messrs. Kemble, Willett & Forbes. How much better off the Kemble party may be for this, or how much worse the Harris, it may be doubted if even those concerned can tell. Of course, the side which gains the suit must prefer doing so to losing it, for the mere name of the thing—*au reste*, it is but a sorry triumph. It is a victory, as it were, of one brother over another. It is a boxing-match, in which the conqueror is as badly bruised as the vanquished, and the stakeholder runs away with the battle-money. We trust, at all events, that some good will arise out of it—that the frightful amount expended in law will bring all parties to their senses, and that the result will be a disposition to shake hands and unite for the common advantage. Two horses harnessed to the same carriage, only increase their individual labour by pulling different ways, and endeavouring to throw an undue share upon each other. The season has commenced with an excellent company, and the performances have been such as they ought to be. The management is already strong in tragedy and comedy; and Braham is coming, with his unrivalled and evergreen voice, to support the operatic department. We see no one coming up who is at all likely to supply the vacancy which Mr. Young's retirement will occasion; and, as this is decidedly that gentleman's last season, he will, doubtless, continue to attract to the end. Upon the whole, we should think Covent Garden will be better attended than Bear Garden.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS theatre is fertile in novelties. On Monday night was produced 'Victorine; or, I'll sleep on it,' a clever, but somewhat lengthy, adaptation from a French piece *qui a fait fureur*, at Paris. The heroine, *une petite brodeuse*, is woofed, and to the manner won, by a young cabinet-maker of the name of Michael, when her notions of a legitimate settling in life are slightly disturbed—as other matters of legitimacy have lately been—by a nobleman, a cabinet-maker, we presume, of a higher order. She is perplexed; the inclination to illegitimate splendour is getting a fearful mastery over her. She thinks

on Michael's humble couch, and on my Lord's bed of down—and down she goes on her bed, as most other people do when they want to sleep on it. Thus ends Act 1. In the second, we find her, after a lapse of five years, the acknowledged *maitresse* of a duke (whose name, as he seems to be an anti-reform-her, the managers have wisely concealed from the public). Here she is (as is usual) humoured, flattered, and fawned upon by those who would make a profit of her situation. There is one honourable exception: honest Michael will in no way minister to her shame. Let her provide food for her dissipated folly elsewhere—he will furnish nothing—not even her room when commanded to do so. Such uncompromising virtue on his part gives a fillip to her better tendencies, and a sudden and unceremonious abandonment of her and her fortunes by her noble protector, prepares us for the close of the second Act. The Duke throws her off, and she throws herself down. His Grace has done, and her disgrace has begun. The third Act shows us our heroine old and care-worn, and sunk to the lowest ebb of poverty and privation, the companion of profligates and thieves. Robbery and murder are planned, and, in one instance, nearly executed, in her house. It is discovered, and so is her former lover, in the person of the Captain of the Guard. The soldiers seize on the actual criminals, and shame and remorse seize upon her. She rushes to the river and we believe her to be us on that to which we had seen her retire at the end of the first act. She has "slept on it," and all that we have for the previous two hours been looking at with such intense interest is but "the baseless fabric of a vision," which has not left her a wreck behind. This is new and very effective. The dream operates as a harmless and wholesome lesson, and *Victorine* becomes the wife of the honest *ébeniste*. A few alterations, a little curtaining, and a little *dovetailing* by the cabinet-maker, are all that this piece requires, and these things have doubtless been done. The weight of it (we speak it not profanely) falls on Mrs. Yates. It is not so good a part as that lady has in the 'Wreck Ashore'—few indeed are—but all that good taste and much talent can do for it, is done by that excellent actress. The rest of the characters are well sustained, but Mr. Reeve is not so great in this as in the piece above quoted. Here he is at best a man—in *Magog* he is a giant.

MISCELLANEA

The Cholera fatal to Animals.—The Prussian papers mention, that it has been observed, in the ponds or minor lakes within the circle of Marienwerder, where the cholera is raging with great virulence, that all the fish have died. The police have collected and buried more than forty hogheads of fish, drawn from one pond alone—that of Zempelburg.

The height of the Peak of Corcovado at Rio Janeiro has been lately determined at 2307 feet; this being the mean of a very satisfactory trigonometrical measurement, as well as by the barometer.

Ecclesiastical Memorabilia.—At so low an ebb did clerical learning stand in Hungary at the beginning of the thirteenth century, that the rich abbey of Pechvarad could not produce more than three Glossaries and one book of Homilies: and this was at a time, when one hundred and twenty horses stood in its stalls! At the same period, a monk in another monastery, sold a Bible (*librum bibliaticum*) to a Jew for seventy marks—a prodigious sum for those days, as eight marks were alone sufficient for the purchase of a bond-maiden and her child, a horse,

and the whole harness of a farmer's stud, besides a modicum of silver plate.—It is likewise on record, that Berthold, Archbishop of Colocza, the princely brother of Queen Gertrude, and, for a time, chancellor of Hungary, subsequently to which he was patriarch of Apulia, *did not understand one word of Latin!* When in Italy, it is true, he took a master, and for a time studied the rudiments of that tongue: but his ignorance brought such public disgrace upon his cloth, that the pope of that day sent him home to bury it among the rustics of his native soil.—*Feier's Codex Diplomat. Hungariae. Ofen,* 1829.

The superintendent of the Auburn (U.S.) prison states in his report—"I have under my care about four hundred and fifty male prisoners, and 9 females, and I would cheerfully undertake the care of an additional 450 to be rid of the nine women."

Hodge and the Umbrella.—On one of the late stormy days, accompanied with heavy showers of rain, a sturdy countryman was sitting on the roof of a coach between two dandyish young fellows: his physical strength enabled him to keep his umbrella suspended under those of his less powerful companions, who were much annoyed by it. The shower being over and the umbrellas closed and laid at their backs on the roof of the coach, the young gentlemen slipped the countryman's umbrella gently from the coach. Having thus far prospered, they allowed the horses to proceed till the umbrella was nearly lost sight of, when suddenly turning round they observed to their neighbour that the umbrella had dropped off and was lying on the road far behind; the countryman immediately jumped down and ran after the lost treasure with the speed of a racer. In the interim our dandy friends gave coachee five shillings to drive on; but they were much surprised to find that when Hodge had nearly regained his umbrella, he was, as they supposed, so alarmed at the coach proceeding without him, that he turned round and with redoubled speed, and a little gentle checking of the horses by the coachman, was enabled to overtake them. Hodge soon regained the roof, and with "all's right—go on," replaced himself in his former seat without the slightest expression of ill-humour. His companions with equal *sang froid* soon observed, "Why, friend! where is now your umbrella, did you not pick it up?"—"Why lawk, gummens," says he, "when I comes to look at it, I saw as how it was one of yours, and thought as how mayhap you might like to run after it yourself."

Fancy Street-sweeping.—There is no occupation so humble but it affords an opportunity for the display of superior ability. The following dialogue passed lately between two sweeps: *George.* "Well, John, where have you been?"—*John.* "Oh, doing about. How does Tom get along now—does he improve much?"—*George.* "Why he gets along pretty well with plain sweeping, but when he comes to the *fancy work*, such as sweeping round lamp-posts and corners, somehow or other, he hasn't got the knack on't."

Isabella Colour.—A colour resembling that of dirty linen. It is said to have received its name from Isabella, Infanta of Spain, who, when Ostend was besieged by the Spaniards, under the command of Spinola, made a solemn vow not to change her linen till the city should be taken; but the city holding out longer than her linen held clean, the Spaniards, who were acquainted with her vow, instead of calling it dirty, named it Isabella's colour, and adopted it in honour of that Princess.

Singular Transformation, (from an American paper.)—We were yesterday shown a fowl, which, we are assured, and have every reason to believe, has undergone a most novel meta-

morphosis. The fowl, originally a *good laying hen*, became indisposed, it seems, some time since; and, as was supposed, from being frequently ducked to prevent its sitting, lost its feathers. Within the last month, it has put forth a beautiful coat of new feathers, of a *male character*—is perfectly restored to health—and, to the no little astonishment of all who have seen it, now presents the appearance of a *handsome rooster*. The fact is attested by several of our most respectable inhabitants.—Thus, a hen denied to sit, throws herself upon her sovereignty, and in order, as it would seem, to make those rights better understood, becomes a *rooster*. She puts on a huge comb, wears gills and spurs, and crows, we presume, (though we are not informed as to this point) as loudly and vociferously as any of the tribe. There is something in this transmutation, which should call for the immediate consideration of philosophers at large. A common interest in the matter should provoke inquiry and examination.—If any portion of created things be capable of these changes, we may, indeed, know what we are, but not what we may be. Only think of falling in love with a beautiful girl, and on calling next morning, to find her metamorphosed into a huge strapping fellow, six feet high, broad brawny shoulders, beard an inch long, and whiskers large and black enough for a Russian count!

The Month of July shines conspicuously in the annals of Liberty. On the 26th July, 1581, was issued the Edict of the Confederates of the Low Countries, by which they renounced obedience to Philip II. On the 11th of July, 1690, was the battle of the Boyne, where James II. was defeated, and lost for ever the throne of England. On the 4th July, 1776, the United States of America declared their independence. On the 14th July, 1789, the Bastile was taken; and on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, the Paris Revolution took place, which expelled Charles X. from the throne of France.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.M.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Tu. 13	65 55	29.34	S to S.W.	Rain, A.M.
Fr. 14	66 54	29.39	S.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 15	65 53	29.42	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 16	64 44	29.94	W.	Clear.
Mon. 17	64 52	30.10	W.	Ditto.
Tues. 18	63 53	30.20	Var.	Cloudy.
Wed. 19	63 50	30.18	S.E.	Clear.

Prevailing Clouds.—*Cirrostratus, Cumulus.*
Nights and Mornings fair.

Mean temperature of the week, 57°.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Mercury visible in the morning.
Moon and Jupiter in conj. on Saturday, 5h. 36m. P.M.
Venus's geocen. long. on Wed. 8° 32' in Libra.
Mars's — — 17° 4' in Libra.
Jupiter's — — 12° 41' in Aquarius.
Susu's — — 25° 21' in Libra.
Length of day on Wed. 10h. 28m.; decreased, 6h. 6m.
Sun's horary motion, 2° 29'. Logarithmic number of distance on Friday, .997966.

ATHENÆUM ADVERTISEMENT.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—The new edition of the Rev. Mr. Stebbing's 'Lives of the Italian Poets,' is to comprise several additional Lives, including that of Ugo Foscolo, with Extracts from his Private Letters, and interesting particulars relating to his Last Hours.

'Cameron, a Novel,' is nearly ready for publication. A new edition is nearly ready, of 'Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy.'

'The Jew, a Novel,' so long announced, will appear in November.

A new edition of 'Four Years in the West Indies,' containing a full account (derived from official documents and private letters,) of the late Hurricanes in Barbadoes, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, illustrated by Lithographic Sketches.

A Treatise on the Diseases of the Heart and Great Vessels, comprising a new View of the Physiology of the Heart's Action, by J. Hope, M.D.

'Time's Telescope for 1832,' will be published in the course of November, with numerous Illustrations.

The Family Topographer, being a compendious Account of the Ancient and Present State of the Counties of England—Home Circuit, Vol. I., comprising Essex, Hertfordshire, Kent, Surrey, Sussex. Edited by S. Tymms.

The Fevers and other Diseases prevalent on the Western Coast of Africa; together with the Medical Topography of that Coast. By James Boyle, M.C.S.L. Surgeon, R.N., &c.

Landscape Illustrations of Lord Byron's Life and Works, intended to accompany the new edition announced; upon the same plan as the Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.

Just published.—Nimrod's Remarks on the Choice of Horses, &c. 8vo. 15s.—Italy's Romantic Annals, by Charles Macfarlane, Esq., 3 vols. small 8vo. 12*l*. 6*d*.

—Blaine's Outlines of the Veterinary Art, new edit. 8vo. 12*l*. 4*s*.—Old Friends in a New Dress, 4th edit. 12*mo*. 4*s*.—Brown's Illustrations of American Ornithology, Part I. folio, 12*s*, coloured 1*l*. 1*s*; large paper 15*s*, coloured 1*l*. 6*d*.—Otto's Compendium of Anatomy, translated by J. F. South, 8vo. 14*s*.—C. P. Price's Sermons, 8vo. 12*s*.—The Amethyst, or Christian's Annual for 1832, 8*s*.—Cock's Original Hymns for Family and Closet, 12*mo*. 3*s*.—Brown's Sketches and Anecdotes of Quadrupeds, 18*mo*. 10*s*.—Cruttwell's House-keeper's Account Book for 1832, 2*s*.—Comic Offering for 1832, 12*s*.—Genius the Traveller's Companion, in Six Languages, new edit. oblong 18*mo*. 9*s*.—The Humourist, by Harrison, 12*s*.—Robert Hall's Works, Vol. II. 8vo. 12*s*.—Ackermann's Juvenile Memoirs for 1832, 8*s*.—Andrew Fuller's Works, Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s*.—Neale's Researches on the Cholera, 8vo. 8*s*.—Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th edit. Vol. IV. Part I. 4*to*. 18*s*.; Ditto, Part 20, 6*s*.

Balaam, 12*mo*. 5*s*.—Murray on Consumption, 8vo. 8*s*. 6*d*.—Kennedy on Cholera, 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.—Stokes's Song of Albion, 8vo. 9*s*.—Wardlaw's Essays on Assurance, 5*s*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

By a Packet, seventeen days only from New York, two copies of the *North American Review* for October, reached England, and we were kindly favoured with one of them. We have also to return thanks for Mr. Millingen's pamphlet, dispatched to us by a private hand from Paris. While friends, known and unknown, take such interest in the success of an independent literary paper, what avails the miserable policy of the Publishing Proprietors of the *Literary Gazette* in refusing to insert our Advertisements? The truth will be known, though it be shut out even from the advertising columns of that paper. "The date of knock is out"—the old orthodox belief in all that is in print is shaken—the day for booksellers' Reviews, and for booksellers reviewing their own books, is gone—the public generally now know well enough, that the everlasting songs of praise in the *Literary Gazette* are but mystic hymns to their breeches-pockets, and therefore button them the tighter; and the readers of the *Gazette* will learn that truth, though it be but the echo of public opinion that shall disturb their slumbers.

Having spoken of the careless manner in which the plates of the 'Landscape Annual' were printed, Mr. Sears waited on us, with a request that we would do him the justice to examine another copy of the work. There can be no doubt the copy produced was much better printed than our own; but our own remains to justify our judgment: and even in his engraving of the 'Ponte Santa Trinita,' we saw nothing that could induce us to withdraw our censure, although it may have been directed against the wrong party. The sky was oppressive, dull, and leaden; but whether the fault rests with the draftsman, the engraver, or the printer, is difficult to determine. We, however, are inclined to think it is not with Mr. Sears, because he very readily acknowledged it was bad, and, being sensible of this, he, no doubt, printed it as lightly as possible.

The question raised by a Constant Reader is hardly of sufficient interest.

We are obliged to the Friend in Gloucester Place; but, the public having pronounced judgment, it is not worth exposing the thing further.

Mr. Landseer's letter is in print, and our readers can interpret it for themselves: it is not worth saying more on the subject, although we shall always be happy to hear from him.

We have some regret at being obliged to defer many works this week; 'The Sister's Budget' especially, as we have been favoured with an early copy; but unless we had a Bramah press, we could not compress all into our pages.

* * * The Supplement given gratis with the last Number, being on a separate sheet, it may have happened that some subscribers did not receive it; in which case they will apply to their Booksellers or Newsman, who will procure it on application at our Office—a surplus number of copies having been printed to remedy any deficiency. We have to apologize to those friends who received their papers later than usual last Saturday: an accident, by which several pages were wholly disarranged at the moment of going to press, was the cause of the delay, and which will account for several typographical errors that escaped in the hurry of replacing the types; but they are not worth pointing out.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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18	2 2 5	38	3 3 3	58	6 12 5
19	2 3 5	39	3 5 1	59	6 17 10
20	2 4 3	40	3 7 0	60	7 3 8
21	2 5 0	41	3 9 0	61	7 10 0
22	2 5 8	42	3 11 2	62	7 17 1
23	2 6 3	43	3 13 7	63	8 4 10
24	2 6 10	44	3 16 0	64	8 13 2
25	2 7 6	45	3 18 9	65	9 1 11
26	2 8 2	46	4 1 9	66	9 11 1
27	2 9 0	47	4 5 0	67	10 0 9
28	2 11 1	48	4 7 6	68	10 10 4
29	2 10 1	49	4 12 2	69	11 4 6
30	2 11 11	50	4 16 1	70	11 12 6
31	2 13 1	51	5 9 3		
32	2 14 3	52	5 11 6		
33	2 15 6	53	5 13 9		
34	2 16 11	54	5 13 13		
35	2 18 4	55	5 17 9		

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"I am, dear Sir, yours, very truly," J. R."

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POSTPONEMENT

OF THE SPECTATOR'S ANATOMY OF THE PEERAGE.

SO much new matter on this important and interesting subject flows in from all quarters, that it is thought advisable to postpone the publication of the Anatomy, for 2*l*. 10*s*. until the 1st of November, 1831, and an intervening fortnight in a diligent endeavour to sift, test, and arrange the information volunteered, so as to insure the utmost accuracy attainable in a task of such complication and difficulty. The Editor is the more induced to this course, from observing that very great difficulties did not attend the department of the investigation which the Anatomy embraces, are widely circulated; and he is anxious not only to correct these, but to avoid all similar errors.

Newsmen who have received orders for the Spectator containing the Anatomy, are requested to return their desire to possess this Number, are requested to name the 5th of November in place of the 22nd of October.

In the meantime, the forthcoming Number (to be published next Saturday) will contain a short Historical Analysis of the SPECTATOR'S ANALYSIS OF THE PEERAGE, preliminary to the ANATOMY; and a paper on the "Retrospect, Aspect, and Prospect of the Reform Question."

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The MEDICAL SCHOOL opened on Monday, the 3rd inst.

The Council have determined upon devoting the great Library to the reception of the London University School. The preparations for this purpose will probably be complete before the Christmas Holidays.

Council Room, Oct. 19, 1831.

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